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JULY 2007

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$ MILLION DOLLAR BABIES: BOXING'S FIGHTING FEMMES

33RD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

GIRLS OF MYSPACE: MONICA

Q&A

WALTER BENN MICHAELS ON CLASS WARFARE

PHOTO REPORT

SIN CITY'S PORN EXPO BLOWOUT

SCREW'S AL GOLDSTEIN:

"WHY I HATE WOMEN"

HELL NO, THEY WON'T GO!

G.I. WAR RESISTERS

RON JEREMY EXPOSED!

YALE'S NAKED PARTIES

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RENEE PEREZ BOOSTS MORALE

JULY 2007

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NO
TIME
TO TELL THE TRUTH*
THE MOST POWERFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD?
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*We didn't tell you there were no WMDs in Iraq
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HUSTLER Parody: This is not an actual magazine cover. This is social commentary. We know Condi's face might make you go limp. If that happens, proceed directly to this month's centerfold.

HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

JULY 2007 VOLUME 34 NUMBER 1

HustlerWorld.com

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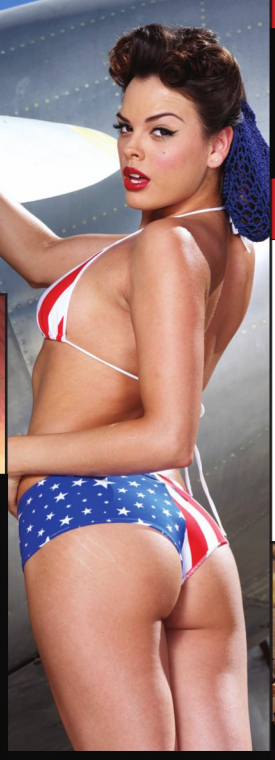

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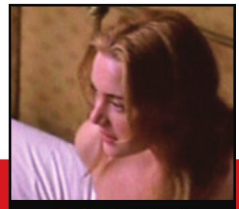

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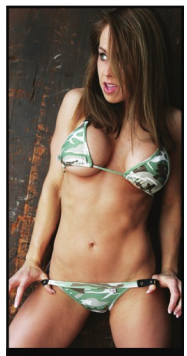

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Cover photo by Suze Randall

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SEARCHING FOR LIBERTY

George W. Bush has shredded the Constitution. We have lost habeas corpus, which means he can lock us up forever without the right to an attorney or even a trial. We are being spied on by the government—on our phones, on our computers and in our homes.

Our elections have been stolen from us, first in Florida, then in Ohio. Jobs are being exported and/or downsized. The average citizen no longer has the right to declare bankruptcy. Our so-called free press is controlled by Big Business, which has declared war against the middle class.

America's story of democracy is forged in a struggle between the many and the powerful few. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the last President to push back the "economic royalists," as he put it. FDR's New Deal allowed the middle class to flourish, but that era ended in 1980 with the election of Republican Ronald Reagan.

As I look around this Fourth of July, one thing is clear: As long as the powerful few are in control, we're not going to *find* liberty in the United States. We're going to have to take it back.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

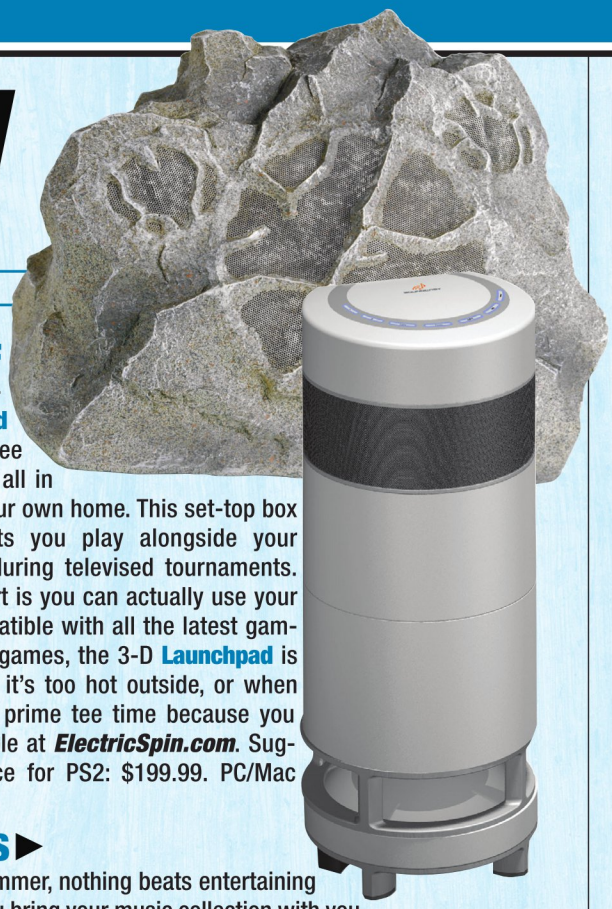
TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

◀TEED OFF

The ultrareal simulator **Launchpad Golf** lets you tee off like the pros, all in the comfort of your own home. This set-top box version even lets you play alongside your favorite golfers during televised tournaments. Plus, the best part is you can actually use your own clubs! Compatible with all the latest gaming systems and games, the 3-D **Launchpad** is perfect for when it's too hot outside, or when you missed your prime tee time because you overslept. Available at ***ElectricSpin.com***. Suggested retail price for PS2: $199.99. PC/Mac version: $249.



RISE ROBOTS, RISE▶

They said in the future, robots would do all our chores and run our daily lives.

What we once viewed as far-off science fiction is now quickly becoming fact. Meet **ASIMO**, which stands for Advanced Step in Innovative Mobility, the latest in humanoid technology from Honda. The unit can run up to about four miles per hour, carry objects on a tray, push a cart and recognize its surrounding environment. It is the ultimate in artificial intelligence.

The only thing it can't do is get it on with a person. Of course, if advances in robotics keep going the way they have been, it's only a matter of time before sex with robots becomes a reality. Did we say that out loud?!

ASIMO is not being sold yet, but you can find out more at ***Honda.com***.

GUEST SPEAKERS▶

When it comes to the summer, nothing beats entertaining outdoors. But how do you bring your music collection with you without dragging CDs and your MP3 player into the backyard? Here are two all-weather speaker options that let you do just that. These Boston Acoustics speakers rock, literally—the **Voyager** line of speakers is designed to look and feel like real stone. They come in three different finishes: River Rock, Granite and Sandstone and will blend perfectly while providing great sound via powerful mica-filled subwoofers and high-performance tweeters. Just hook them up to your inside stereo via exterior speaker cables and get ready to rock. Available at ***BostonAcoustics.com***. Suggested retail price: $450 (8-inch model).

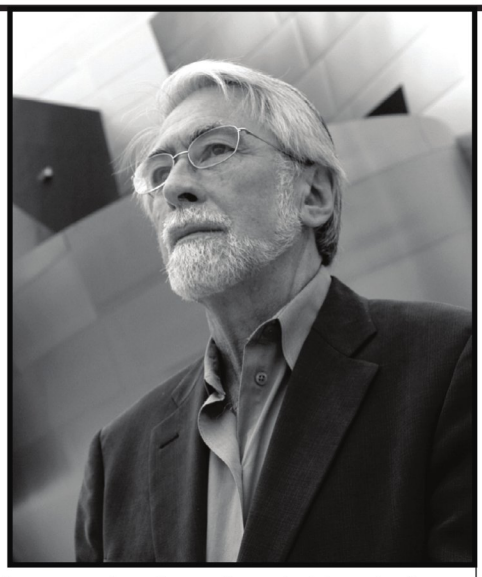
Meanwhile, for a wireless solution, check out the **OutCast** speaker from Soundcast. This high-quality circular unit allows you to effortlessly transmit digital music from any source in your home—including stereo, PC, MP3 player (with optional docking station)—from up to 350 feet away. Plus, it's an all-weather speaker, so you can just leave it outside. It's time to fire up the barbecue and turn up the tunes.

The **OutCast** is available at ***SoundcastSystems.com***. Suggested retail price: $499.

BURN BABY, BURN▶

It's summer, and we all want to get a little sun, but how can we keep our golden tan from turning into skin cancer? The **UV Hawk** measures the intensity of the sun's ultraviolet rays and lets you know what SPF sun block you'll need and when you've had enough. This lightweight unit (2 ounces) runs on a single watch battery and takes measurements in seconds. Plus it comes with a built-in exposure alarm, clip, strap and thermometer (in both Fahrenheit and Celsius). You can even adjust the measurements based on your skin tones. Don't get burned; get the **UV Hawk**. Available at ***q3i.com***. Suggested retail price: $29.99.

WHY WON'T BUSH WARM TO FIGHTING CLIMATE CHANGE?



"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul?" —Matthew 16:26

AS TRAGIC AS PRESIDENT George W. Bush's thoughtless decision to invade Iraq was, and as shameless as his persistence in slashing taxes for the superrich, when historians evaluate his two terms a century from now, they will likely focus their assessment on his stubborn, immoral refusal to do anything to slow the warming of the planet.

Never has there been a crisis that so evenly affects the whole earth, or whose causes have been so carefully scrutinized. It is likely that only the possibility of war fought with nuclear weapons poses a greater hazard to mankind. Yet our commander in chief has, for six years and counting, refused to accept the historic challenge we face to change our behavior in the face of an oncoming global catastrophe.

Why? The easy answer is that Dubya has always been a petrochemical guy, an oilman who still is paying debts to his and Vice President Dick Cheney's political donors and family friends in the energy business. There is also speculation that Bush, like many extremist Christians, believes the Apocalypse is coming soon, and environmental problems are only a welcome sign of Christ's imminent return. In the most generous perspective, he is a tough bargainer who doesn't want the U.S. economy to suffer against China's.

Ultimately, however, the President's pass-the-buck-to-our-grandchildren approach to global warming—the rejection of the Kyoto accords, the refusal to set mandatory emissions standards for cars and factories, the gutting of the Clean Air Act—is a sign of cowardice more than anything. The man who was hailed for getting on a bullhorn after 9/11 and wearing a flight suit after the Iraq invasion has failed to take on the mantle of leadership where it counts most, instead hiding his head in the proverbial sand.

But it is not too late. Bush, whose popularity has bottomed out at historic lows for a President, could use a boost—and he could certainly get one from embracing a noble cause. Rising oceans, raging hurricanes, disappearing water reserves—this *is* national security we're talking about, after all.

But perhaps the President thinks he can't be a Republican and care about global warming? Nonsense. He need only take a peek at the recent work of The Governator, Arnold Schwarzenegger, who heads the equivalent of the world's fifth-largest economy as California's top official.

Having regained his senses after a flirtation with the loony Right that sent his poll numbers slithering to Bush-esque depths, Schwarzenegger belatedly embraced what should be a truly bipartisan cause by signing into law a package of measures designed to voluntarily bring the state into compliance with the Kyoto Protocol.

"We simply must do everything we can in our power to slow down global warming before it is too late," Schwarzenegger said during an address before signing into law the nation's first cap on greenhouse-gas emissions—part of a larger state goal to reduce them to 1990 levels by 2020.

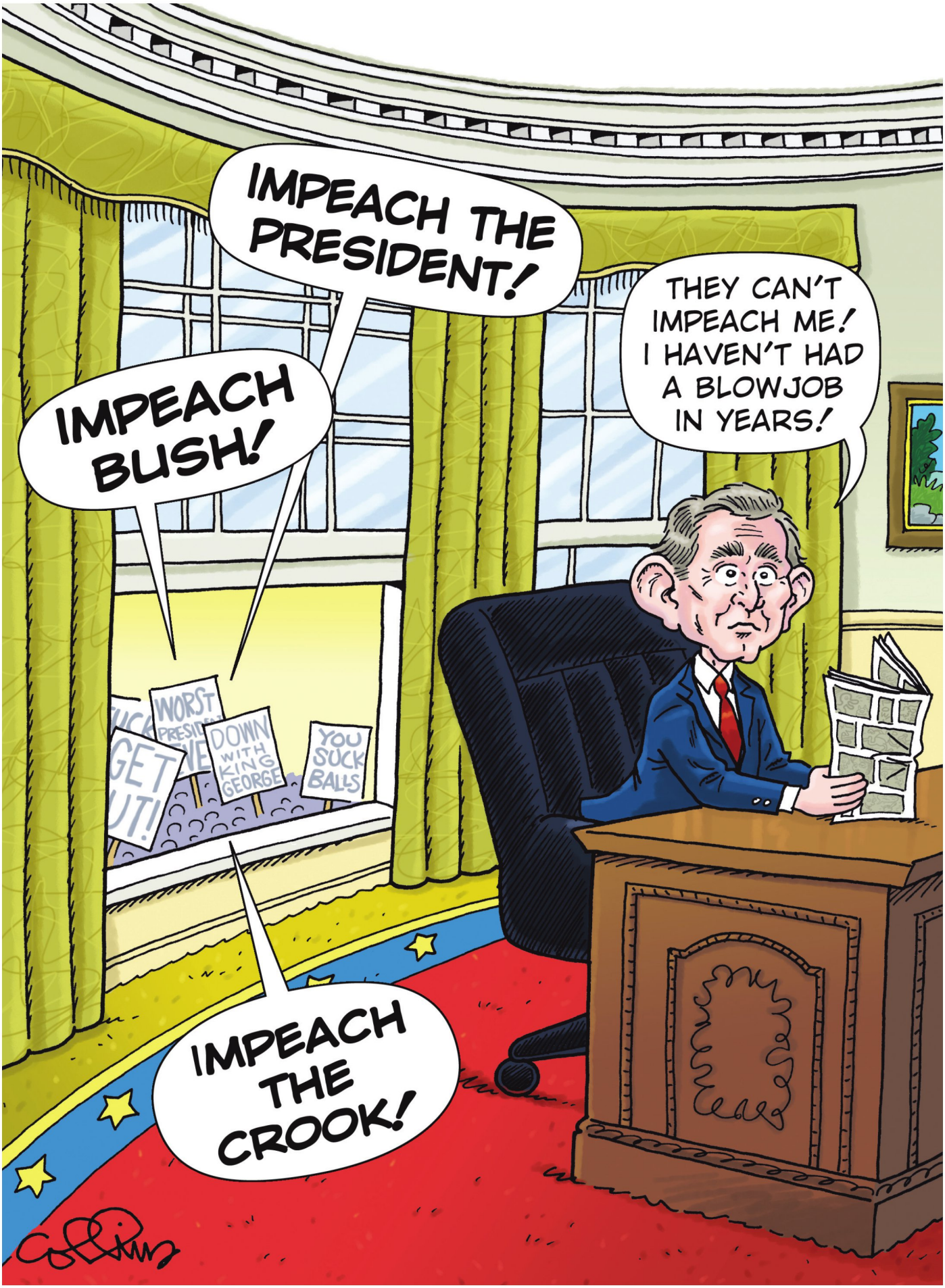
Bush could also take a cue from Senator John McCain (R-Arizona), who bluntly said recently while visiting with California's governor that "I would assess this administration's record on global warming as terrible." McCain, hardly some bleeding-heart tree-hugger, bitterly added that he got "no cooperation from the administration" at Senate hearings on climate change. McCain has sponsored, along with Senator Joseph Lieberman (I-Connecticut), the proposed Climate Stewardship Act, which would modestly limit greenhouse emissions based on the same pollution-trading model used to cut acid rain.

"My friends, the debate over climate change should be over," said McCain, who will once again be a frontrunner for the '08 Republican Presidential nomination. "Climate change is taking place and it is largely due to human activity. Time is not on our side. We must act."

Compare that with President Bush, tap dancing around the issue last year: "There is a debate over whether it's man-made or naturally caused," the would-be scientist-in-chief claimed. Never mind that more than 2,500 of the world's top climate experts confirmed, with at least 90% certainty, that humans are to blame for rising global temperatures in the 2007 report of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change.

As California, Scandinavia and other forward-thinking regions are showing, government mandates of energy reform, conservation and the use of alternative fuels are no block to prosperity. Even China, which is adding the equivalent of England every year in terms of energy production, is now racing to figure out innovative solutions to a national pollution crisis by cooperating with forward-thinking companies and governments worldwide.

Would it be too much to ask for our own President to be at least as progressive in his leadership as that of the Chinese Communist Party?


IMPEACH THE PRESIDENT!
IMPEACH BUSH!
THEY CAN'T IMPEACH ME! I HAVEN'T HAD A BLOWJOB IN YEARS!
WORST
DOWN WITH KING GEORGE
YOU SUCK BALLS
IMPEACH THE CROOK!

Too Hot to Handle

I bought my first HUSTLER a couple of weeks ago. What led me to pick it up was the article on the September 11 attacks [*Was 9/11 an Inside Job?*, March '07]. In the past I never bought your magazine because of the relatively high price. But I'm a 20-year-old 9/11 Truther, so I had to have it. Thanks a lot for the coverage of the 9/11 Truth Movement.

Not very many sincere articles have been published about us. Your choice of focusing on the molten metal was very good, as that is one of the most glaring smoking guns, and the so-called debunkers always avoid it.

If you print any more 9/11 articles, I will surely buy HUSTLER again! You guys are true patriots.

—Andy White
Los Angeles, California

Chocolate Sundae

I recently bought the March '07 issue and opened it up to *Erika: African Queen*. With her bewitching figure, thick thighs and great ass, she is the most beautiful African lady I have ever seen. I'd like to put whipped cream all over her luscious brown body and lick her from head to toe! **—L.B.**
Henderson, Nevada

Psycho Prez

Larry's *Publisher's Statements* say what most of this country has finally figured out: Bush is out of his fucking mind! He's getting advice from his dog just like Son of Sam! It's time to impeach the son of a bitch! **—John Feehan**
Houston, Texas

Mighty Mikayla Lee

On receiving my April '07 issue, I could not turn the page after coming to Mikayla Lee. I am a longtime subscriber, and you always feature beautiful women. However, Mikayla is your #1 *Beaver Hunt* entry ever. The most beautiful women come from Texas, and she sure represents the Lone Star State well.

—"Fellow Texan"
Houston, Texas

I loved the pics of Mikayla Lee, who looks like a beautiful junior version of Christie Brinkley. It's hard to believe the girl is only 18. Mikayla has the class and sophistication of a mature woman. I would really love to see more of her.

—Mike Patrick
Chicago Heights, Illinois

Mexploitation

Finally, somebody puts the immigration thing into some kind of historical and economic context [*Immigration and the Wages of Sin*, April '07]. While I give the Minutemen a smidgen more credit than columnist Robert Scheer does (since at least they're willing to say "screw political correctness" and tackle a taboo topic), I agree that most of the anti-immigration yahoos are just looking for a scapegoat. They're not clever enough to figure out that the companies who take advantage of cheap illegal labor are the source of the problem—not to mention the politicians who let them get away with it.

Just like with anybody, there are bad sorts and good sorts, but we have plenty of Latinos in my neighborhood who are hardworking and honest. What are they supposed to do? Say "No, I refuse to work for less than minimum wage and a good health plan"? I'd like to see the look on the boss-man's face when he hears that one.

—C.M.
Farmington, New Mexico

Raging Bully

Robert Scheer's biblical protests notwithstanding, the illegals simply don't belong here. Mexico is a corrupt, incompetent, unstable country full of Third and Fourth World diseases. All its people are good for is hyperbreeding, menial

labor, squalor, crime and violence. Ditto the other countries below the Rio Grande and in the Caribbean. Wetback, go home! **—C.J.**
Los Angeles, California

Fucked Forever

Hey, shitheads! You and your porn have ruined my life. Did I say ruined? I meant totally fucked my life. I'm 31 and still living at home, don't have a job, never even kissed a girl and don't drive because all I do is watch porn. Women won't have me because porn has warped my mind so badly that they can tell how much of a sick bastard I am!

I think you can tell by the language I'm using that this is not a religious thing I have against you. It's a "you totally fucked my life up" thing. So to Mr. Flynt and all the sperm-sucking whores who work for him: I hope you all get a medievel, disgusting disease that eats away at you slowly and leaves you a vegetable. And then, when you finally die (if there is a hell), I hope that you go to hell, where demons will rape you for all eternity. And to the guy who tried to kill Larry, better luck next time! **—T.M.**
Buffalo, New York

The reason you still live with your mother, T.M., is not because of Larry Flynt. It's because you've never learned to take responsibility for your own actions.

Lucky Streak

I am 51 years old, and I have really gotten to love being naked. Nudity and sex urges are the strongest ones we have, and they must be expressed in one form or another.

Now that I live in the 21st century and global warming is coming, sometimes in the hot temperatures, I don't want to wear clothes at all. But in my hometown, people aren't fond of public nudity, and I could get arrested.

Back in 2006 I became a subscriber again after a nine-year absence. HUSTLER is as great as I remember, but what happened to the in-public layouts? They were really great! I hope you do more. **—John P.**
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Check out the April '07 issue, which featured lovebirds Shyra Sheer and Alana on a nude bus ride through the streets of Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

For Whom the Bell Screeches

I used to hate *Saved by the Bell*. However, after reading your article on Dustin "Screech" Diamond [*Screeched: Saved by the Smell?*, April '07], Mr. Dirty Sanchez has gone up about 20 notches in my book. See, since he ditched that ridiculous curly 'fro and got himself some poon, Screech is someone I'd love to buy a Pabst Blue Ribbon. You should print more articles showing what has-been TV stars do when the cameras stop.

Personally, I'd love some pictures showing what Danny Bonaduce was up to all those years before he went legit again. And speaking of *Saved by the Bell*, how about a spread of Elizabeth Berkley? She's been hiding her funbox from us ever since *Showgirls*, but it's time for that has-been Jessie to make this Joe happy again. **—M.W.**
Vallejo, California

Stuck in the Muck

Thanks for your article *Matt Drudge: Muckraker or Shill?* [April '07]. Even though I still blame Drudge for almost getting Clinton kicked out of office for one lousy blowjob, as a former investigative journalist myself, I admire his tenacity and no-bullshit attitude. Now if we could only convert him from the dark side (Republicanism, not his dubious sexuality), I might sleep a little better knowing "the Drudge" is out there waiting to rip the lid off the next D.C. brouhaha. **—T.A.**
West Palm Beach, Florida

Matt Drudge is such a phony. While claiming to be on the Right, he doesn't represent the core values that are so important to us true conservatives. Just once, I'd like to see Drudge come out from behind that computer of his with that stupid grin on his face so I can tell him where to stick his mouse. He's a moron, pure and simple.
—R.N.
Yreka, California

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

The moment Speaker Pelosi sat down, Bush knew he had problems.

Make sure you rip out this parody ad and attach it to the back of the magazine so you can enjoy HUSTLER in public.

RUN FOR THE BATHROOM

Here at Taco Bell we are dedicated to bringing you super-affordable Mexican food. Our low-paid staff is trained to make your meal hot, cheap and, most importantly, to serve it up fast.

So what if, in the rush to turn all those preservative-packed meats and cheeses into something edible, they forget to wash their hands after using the bathroom. It's not like *E. coli* kills that many people. Besides, the lettuce or scallions were "probably" the real culprit in our recent *E. coli* outbreak.

What did you expect? You're getting a "steak" burrito for just four bucks. You gotta be willing to compromise somewhere.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how a fast-food giant's unsafe and unsanitary practices made a whole bunch of people sick. Check out **HealthCentral.com** for more details. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Jonah Goldberg

National Review Online editor Jonah Goldberg has sunk lower than most of the penny-a-dozen conservative commentators polluting TV and cyberspace with insanity and lies. More nauseating than the contents of a stalker astronaut's diapers, Goldberg is a two-faced war wimp and global-warming justifier.

Goldberg was one of those bloodthirsty ballyhooers who pushed Bush's wars. In 2003 he wrote: "In the weeks prior to the war to liberate Afghanistan, a good friend of mine would ask me almost every day, 'Why aren't we killing people yet?' And I never had a good answer for him. Because one of the most important and vital things the United States could do after 9/11 was to kill people."

But of course, armchair general Goldberg doesn't put his money where his mouth is. When the saber-rattling, yellow-bellied coward is challenged about having never served a single day of his miserable life in uniform, Goldberg replies: "As for why my sorry a** isn't in the kill zone, lots of people think this is a searingly pertinent question. No answer I could give—I'm 35 years old, my family couldn't afford the lost income, I have a baby daughter…—ever seems to suffice. But this chicken-hawk nonsense is something that's been batted around too many times to get into again here."

We understand why this sniveling, spineless, service-age milksop doesn't want "to get into" it. Thousands of thirtysomethings are in Iraq, despite their families' income loss, children they can't raise, etc. Face it like a man, Goldbrick: You don't have the balls to fight the wars you promote. Like Dick-less Cheney and all of the other right-wing war wimp blowhards, you have "other priorities." Besides, it's been so easy to trick the working class and minorities into fighting for you.

Chicken-hearted chicken hawks like Jonah always chicken out. Now he's reneging on a wager he offered Middle East scholar Dr. Juan Cole during a February 2005 online debate. Goldberg wrote: "I predict that Iraq won't have a civil war, that it will have a viable constitution and that a majority of Iraqis and Americans will, in two years time, agree that the war was worth it. I'll bet $1,000 (which I can hardly spare right now). … [Put your] money where your mouth is, doc. One caveat: Because I don't think it's right to bet on such serious matters for personal gain, if I win, I'll donate the money to the USO." How noble!

A disgusted Cole declined the bet, calling it symbolic of "the neo-imperial American Right. They are making their own fortunes with a wager on the fates of others, whom they are treating like ants. ... [Goldberg is] betting on Iraqis as though they are greyhounds in a race."

Two years later, now that Goldberg has been proven completely wrong, he refuses to pay up because Cole did not accept his offer. Point well taken—but since the stingy Goldberg would have lost the bet, the decent thing is to contribute $1,000 to the USO anyway.

Jonah is a chip off the old blockhead. His repugnant, scumbag mother, Lucianne Goldberg, has a long history of dirty tricks. She is the literary agent who suggested Linda Tripp secretly tape her phone calls with Monica Lewinsky about the intern's affair with President Clinton. (Lucianne apparently knows something about White House hanky-panky: In the 1960s, she allegedly fucked both President Lyndon B. Johnson and VP Hubert Humphrey. What a slut!)

During the 1972 Presidential race, Lucianne was supposedly paid $1,000 per week by the Nixon campaign to pose as a reporter and spy on Democratic nominee George McGovern. (Hey, give some of that dough to the USO too!) In 1983, author Kitty Kelley sued Lucianne for breach of contract, winning $40,000. (Sorry, USO!)

Jonah "Goldilocks" Goldberg is nothing if not his mother's son. Maybe that's why this mommy's boy is too scared to fight his own battles in Afghanistan or Iraq. Let's hope this Asshole gets swallowed by a great right whale soon.

Farts in the Wind

Teri Hatcher lunched with mass murderer **George Herbert Walker Bush** in Beverly Hills. Afterward, the boob-tube Desperate Housewife and the ex-Prez smooched. Then 82-year-old Bush patted Hatcher's ass. Considering that "Poppy" (long accused of adultery) is married to that hellish Hindenburg blimp Barbara, who could blame the desperate house-husband? But why the hell is Hatcher socializing with this ex-CIA director and father of the psychopath currently occupying the White House?

And what the fuck is the "liberal" *New York Times* doing? "Reporter" **Michael Gordon** is up to his old dirty tricks. In September 2002, **Gordon** and **Judith Miller** cowrote the *Times*' front-page fairy tale alleging Iraq's aluminum tubes were for Saddam's nuclear program. The hoax cited unnamed sources and was eventually debunked—after the damage was already done. On May 26, 2004, the *Times* apologized for its "questionable" pre-war coverage and "misinformation." **Miller** was fired; mysteriously, **Gordon** wasn't.

On February 10, 2007, the *Times* printed another **Gordon** front-pager quoting anonymous sources. It claimed Iran provides Shiite militias with lethal roadside bombs that kill Americans in Iraq, with Iranian leaders' knowledge. General Peter Pace, who was quoted in the story, backed away from it. This was followed by **Gordon**'s February 15, 2007, screed—using more unnamed sources—on Iranian weaponry. Is it déjà vu all over again, with the *Times* cheerleading us into a new war with Iran?

"I don't drink or smoke, I exercise regularly, and I watch what I eat!"

Hillary Scott

Ava Rose and Mia Rose

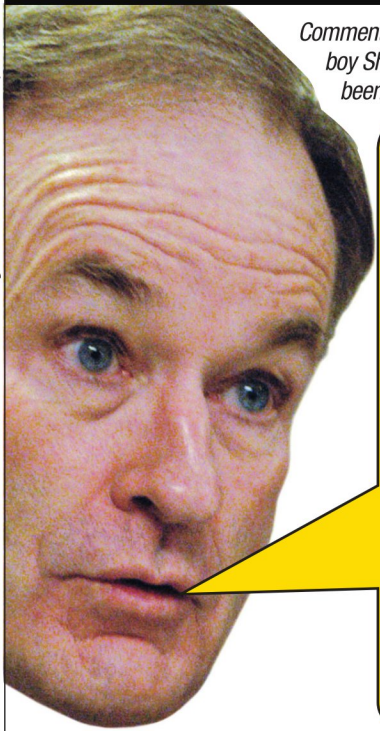
Brittney Skye

Jenna Haze

What A World!

TO MARK ITS TENTH YEAR in the adult-entertainment business, Shane's World threw a lavish party in Los Angeles and invited all their porn pals. Guests Jenna Haze, Angel Cassidy, Hillary Scott, Brittney Skye and sisters Ava Rose and Mia Rose toasted the video company's decade of success.

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



Commenting on the kidnapped boy Shawn Hornbeck, who had been missing for four years:

The situation here, for the kid, looks to me to be a lot more fun than what he had under his "old" parents. He didn't have to go to school, he could run around and do whatever he wanted. ... And I think, when it comes down, what's gonna happen is there was an element here that this kid liked about his circumstances.

Yeah, Bill, because nothing says fun like being repeatedly molested (allegedly) by a 300-pound man.

BUCKY BEAVER'S 4th of July Tips #1

Eating a hotdog is fine. Eating a "foot-long" makes you a fag.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to J.M. of Tacoma, Washington, for sending us this shot of beautiful beatnik bush. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"I remember when the air was clean and the sex was dirty." —GEORGE BURNS, COMEDIAN

"It is very difficult to fail at pornography." —MICHAEL CHABON, WRITER

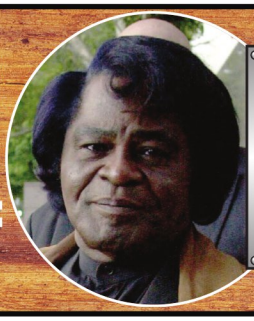
CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Penélope Cruz LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

HOLLYWOOD has gone all out to try and convince us that Penélope Cruz is a good actress. If you're like us, you're not buying it for a second, even with the Oscar nomination. Once she opens her yap, that annoying accent makes all her radiant beauty disappear. To solve the problem, we've placed a cock in Penélope's marvelous mouth. Don't talk. Listen! It *is* true that a woman should be seen and not heard.

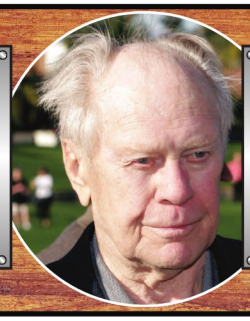
DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Penélope Cruz actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. It is a federal offense to masturbate to this image.

HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.



JAMES BROWN
Papa's Got a Brand-New Grave

YVONNE DE CARLO
Another Dead Munster



GERALD FORD
Everybody Loves Dead Presidents

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

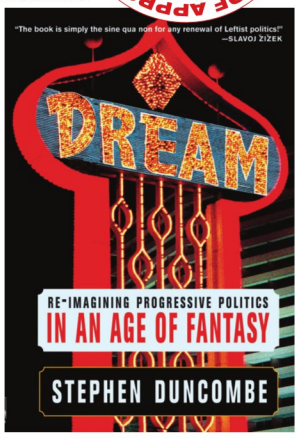
Dream: Re-imagining Progressive Politics in an Age of Fantasy

by Stephen Duncombe

▶ **IN STEPHEN DUNCOMBE'S NEW BOOK**, he outlines how those of us in the progressive Left can use the same tricks Republicans have been using to con the masses and garner support. America is fascinated with theme parks, ad campaigns and video games. By implementing some of the same marketing strategies used by the companies that create them, we can change the face of politics.

Think of *Dream* as a 21st-century manifesto on how, by using imagination and spectacle, we can draw on the fantasies of the public and create forward-thinking alternative politics.

Available at bookstores everywhere.


"The book is simply the sine qua non for any renewal of Leftist politics!"
—SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK
DREAM
RE-IMAGINING PROGRESSIVE POLITICS
IN AN AGE OF FANTASY
STEPHEN DUNCOMBE

NEWS BABES

BARBARA PINSON is the attractive anchor at WIVB Channel 4 in Buffalo, New York. The notable newswoman, who is not hard on the eyes, can be seen nightly delivering the hard news to the hardened Upstate New York community. She sure makes us hard.

Thanks to R.C. for submitting this exceptional talking head. To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to: HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

Who Gives a Shit?!

Need another example of why you should go Greyhound? A family of four is suing the company after being showered with feces, urine and waste products on an interstate in Ohio. Apparently, the sanitary tank of a Greyhound bus suddenly broke open, dumping its contents into the open sunroof of the family's car. Despite being covered in detritus, the motorists continued to follow the bus for several miles to obtain the vehicle's information and registration number. Insurance companies have declared the car a total loss because no amount of cleaning can remove the horrible stench. We know you think this story stinks.

Cracking Up

We are not experts in being pursued by the police, but even we know that stopping to smoke crack mid-chase is a bad idea. But that is exactly what a 45-year-old car thief in Connecticut did recently. Authorities almost lost him until he stopped at a local seaport to enjoy a little time with a glass pipe full of rock. Can you blame him for enjoying a little down time? As any long-distance runner will attest, you do have to pace yourself.

Dead Letter Office

Imagine the shock of a Romanian woman when a large package showed up unexpectedly at her door. Believing it might have contained a prize, she eagerly ripped into the parcel. As it turned out, the lady wasn't the recipient of a big-screen TV or microwave. Instead, she'd been sent the remains of her father, who had died 16 years earlier. It seems the cemetery in which the man had been interred was sold to developers. Wow! Talk about an awkward family reunion.

But Is It Art?

Police in Mumbai, India, were perplexed when called to investigate an art exhibit titled "Tits, Clits & Elephant Dicks." Having to decide whether or not the displayed images were offensive, the cops called a local art school into service. Really, you needed to get an expert opinion there? Since at press time the school had not let its thoughts be known, we can only imagine they dug the exhibit.

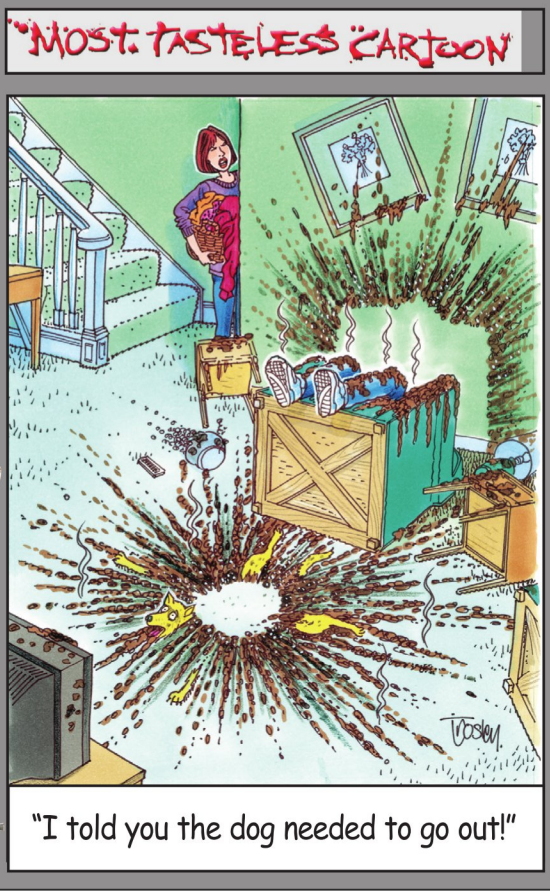
Sign of the Times

IF YOU HANG AROUND THE DOCKS, you're bound to see some old Navy dicks. Thanks to M.P. of Charlotte, North Carolina, for this shot. Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and send it to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the pic, we'll send you a signed check for $100.

NATURAL WONDER!

THIS WOOD really gives us wood! If more tree trunks were shaped like pussies, we would probably become tree huggers and maybe even celebrate Arbor Day.

BUCKY BEAVER'S 4th of July Tips #2



"Whoever named it necking is a poor judge of anatomy." —GROUCHO MARX, FUNNYMAN

"Love is the answer, but while you're waiting for the answer, sex raises some pretty good questions." —WOODY ALLEN, DIRECTOR

Tera Patrick

And the Winner Is...

THIS YEAR'S AVN AWARDS SHOW, held at the Mandalay Bay in Las Vegas, was a sex-star-studded affair. All the big names in the biz were present and dressed to kill at the "Oscars of Porn." Attendees included everyone from Tera Patrick and Jenna Jameson to rockers Gene Simmons and Dave Navarro and even "Screech" from *Saved by the Bell*.

Here's a partial list of 2007's honorees:

★Best Actress–Video: Hillary Scott (*Corruption*)
★Best Actress–Film: Jessica Drake (*Manhunters*)
★Best Video Feature: *Corruption*
★Best Film: *Manhunters*
★Best Oral Sex Scene–Video: Jenna Haze (*Jenna Haze Dark Side*)
★Female Performer of the Year: Hillary Scott
★Underrated Starlet of the Year: Mika Tan

For the complete list, go to **AVNAwards.com**. To all the winners we extend our heartiest congratulations. Now please get back to work, folks. The porn isn't going to make itself.

Mary Carey

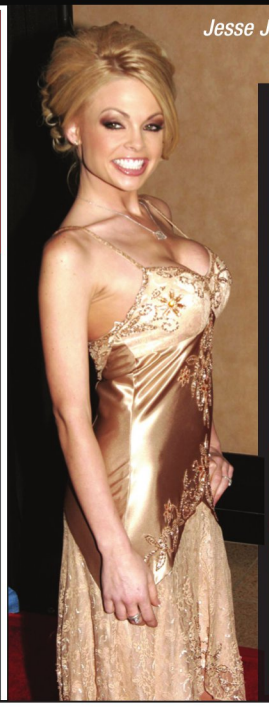
Jenna Jameson

Carmen Luvana

Hillary Scott

Sin sisters Ava and Mia Rose

BUCKY BEAVER'S 4th of July Tips #3


Jesse Jane

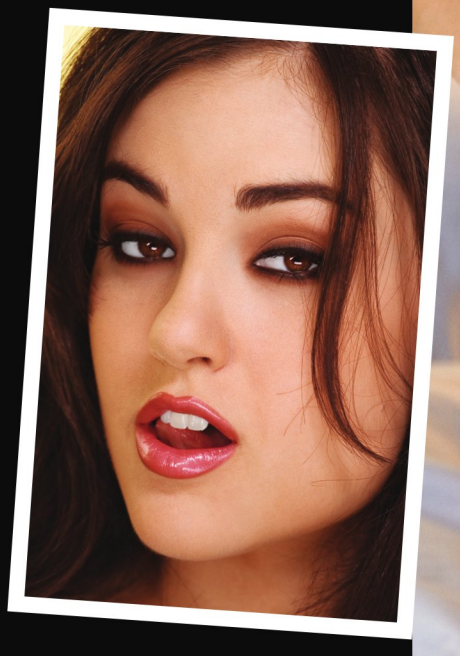
"Hey, ladies!"

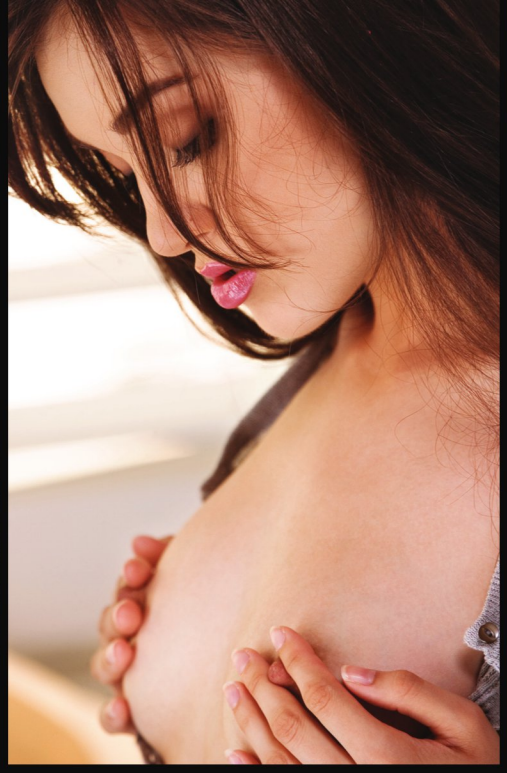
GREY'S ANATOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

Last time we saw Sasha Grey, in our January '07 issue, the young looker had her hands full. "I had to suck and fuck both Tommy Gunn and Scott Nails," she recalls, "and that was really hard work. Don't get me wrong. I know how to handle a really big cock. I'm very good at deep-throating extra-long dicks, but two giant snakes was a real challenge." No wonder she's on the fast track to XXX stardom. In fact, the hottie garnered two of this year's AVN awards.

"I've been in porn ever since I was 18," Sasha goes on, "and I wouldn't want to do anything else. I get to do whatever guys and girls I want to at any time and anywhere. Plus, I get to wear pretty clothes and hang out with the coolest people. Anyone who has ever thought about being in porn should try it. It's really great!"





Is sex different for Sasha without a director giving orders? “Not really,” the candid cutie replies. “I get turned on by things I do at work, especially dirty talk. When a guy or a girl can fuck with me—you know, get *in* my mind while fucking me—that gets me off in a big way. I’m also into the same kind of extreme sex I do onscreen. I really dig anal, watersports and the use of strap-ons. I also love to be humiliated and play the role of a slave sometimes.”

Is anything off limits? “Nope, nothing is taboo!” the bawdy babe coos. “I’ve even puked on guys after sucking their cocks!”

So what’s left for an uninhibited young lady who’s seemingly done it all? “Like I said, I love pushing things to the extreme limits,” Sasha concludes. “I will keep trying to find new and exciting ways to get off. I think porn in general has gotten boring, and it’s my job as a porn star to keep it hot.”

SASHA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Sacramento, CA
AGE: 20
BIRTH SIGN: Pisces
HEIGHT: 5-6
WEIGHT: 110

See all of Sasha Grey's alluring anatomy in *Barely Legal #62* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

OBSERVATIONS OF A BI WIFE'S CURIOUS HUBBY

My wife is a closet lesbian, so I've taken to watching her from the closet. Oh, she'll tell you that she doesn't consider herself a lesbian. She'll tell you she's *bisexual*. And, actually, for a husband and wife who've been married for seven years, we have an adequate sex life. Like clockwork, we fuck every Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon, and most of the time Nina even climaxes.

But it's clear where her real passion lies when you see my wife facedown in poontang, lapping up pussy jizz, nursing on a big, fat clit. And the look on her face when her own coming turns multiple. It's ecstatic, it's blissful, elated—it's something I've never seen when I'm in bed with Nina. So there it is. My wife loves fucking women. And you know what? I'm all right with that, because I've discovered a new love too: watching.

The first time I hid in our closet, I guess it was about a year back. I began to suspect that my wife was "stepping out" on me. I started noticing things, like coming home to rumpled sheets and the musk of sex lingering in our bedroom. Not to mention the way Nina was suddenly so damn concerned I enjoyed my regular Thursday round of golf. Half-crazed with jealousy, my mind conjured up all sorts of scenarios. I imagined the gardener sucking on Nina's nipples. I saw the box boy at the supermarket reaming her tight, pink-brown pooper, my boss jackhammering her coochie. Fuck! Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore!

So I snuck home the following Thursday, while the wife was at pilates. And, yes, I hid in our walk-in closet. It was surprisingly roomy, with horizontal slats that enabled a perfect view of pretty much the whole damn room. I was going to nail that bastard-asshole who was nailing my wife. I was going to rip the fucker to fuckin' shreds.

Pure anger kept me alert and fuming for the first hour, but anger can be exhausting. I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew, I startled awake to the sound of giggling coming down the hallway. My plan was to wait until the adulterers were stark naked, then pounce from my hiding spot and pummel the wife-stealing, no-good, two-timing piece of shit to a bloody pulp.

More giggling, and Nina entered the room already topless, her perky Cs swaying and bobbing. They were gorgeous, with long, fat coral-pink nips. The blood rushed to my head as I waited to see who would follow.

But nothing—nothing—could have prepared me for the sight of Amy, our 18-year-old baby-sitter. What?! While my mind was still trying to sort things out, blood rushed to my cock.

Cute, blond, freckle-faced Amy must have come straight from high school: She was still wearing her pleated plaid skirt, cotton white shirt and white socks. Not for long. A minute later she was standing before my wife in a black latex bra and G-string. Hardly the picture of innocence.

What was Nina thinking, seducing a girl 14 years her junior? Seducing our baby-sitter! But as the minutes ticked on, I came to realize exactly who was seducing whom.

A string of rapid-fire orders issued from Amy's sweet, petulant lips: "Naked! Now! … Hand me the strap-on. … On your knees, bitch! … Spread your twat lips! … Wider, dammit!"

And my wife—a normally dominant, capable woman—simply giggled and obeyed. Talk about sexy! My stick was in my fist by the time Amy's black dick pushed into Nina's fuck box. The tart's prick was a little longer and fatter than my own, and in contrast to the sweet marital sex Nina and I enjoyed, the girl was literally ramming it home. My wife was clearly loving it, pushing her firm tush high in the air, moaning and thrashing.

My fist kept time with the barely legal chick, moving up and down to her every in-and-out. When she started slapping my wife's ass, I started slapping my balls, just a little. A T-shirt stuffed into my mouth kept me quiet. It didn't take long for Nina to climax, and like I said at the beginning, I had never seen her climax like that—one come after another, screaming, her back arching off the mattress and, finally, a look of pure, ecstatic bliss on her face. Now, who was I to deny her that? Besides which, I busted one of the best nuts of my life all across those closet slats.

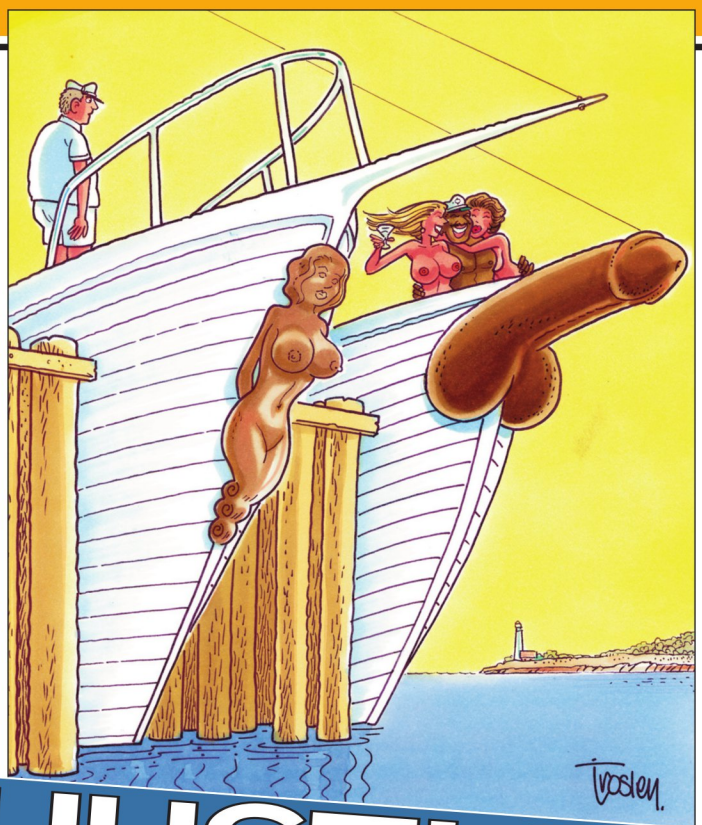
So my wife and I talked later, after Amy left, and we came to a mutual understanding: Nina can fuck around as much as she likes, but only girls, and only if I'm watching.

—C.V.

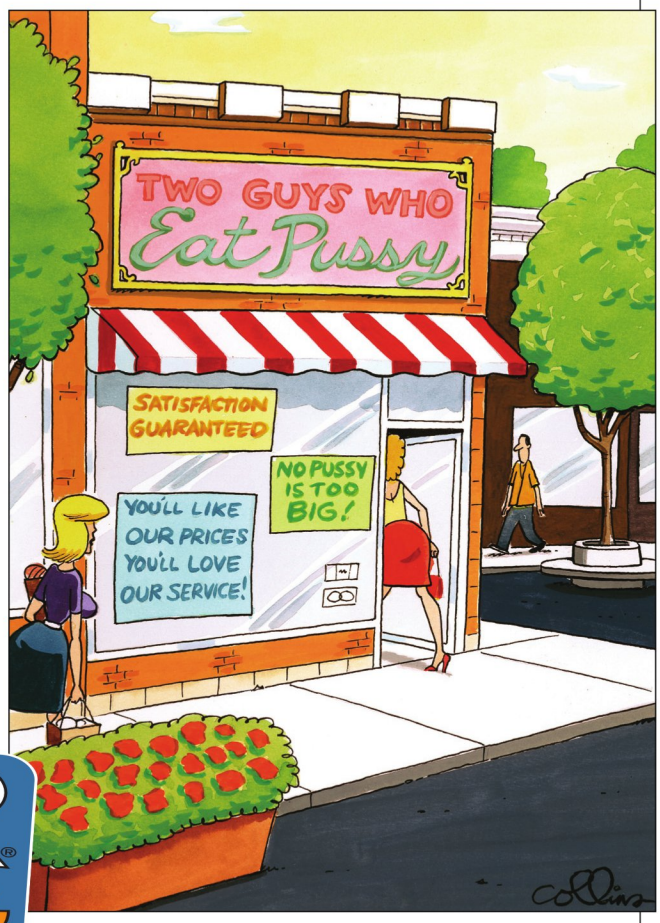
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

"Not one word, Merle, or Curtis will cap your ass!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"If you can't get behind me on this celibacy thing, then you can all go to the fuckin' *700 Club*!"

"Let's go, gentlemen. Fart-fishing is illegal in this state."

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Wham! Bam! Body Slam!

Step into the ring and feel the power as you become one of the WWE's greatest wrestling superstars. They are all here, including John Cena and the legendary Hulk Hogan.

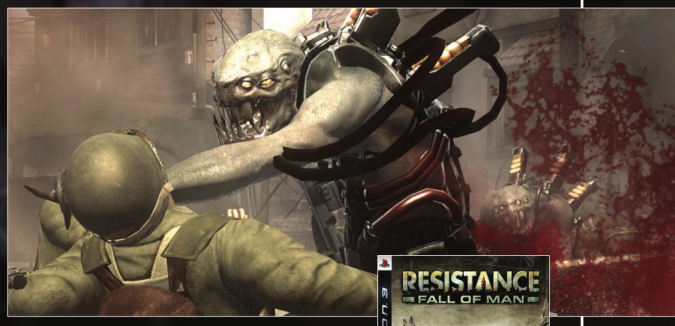
This year's version of the game features superclear, detailed graphics and environmental hotspots that let you use multiple objects from in and around the ring to inflict damage. Go ahead, grab that chair from the audience and bash your opponent over the head with it—the ref's not looking. With perfect detailed sound and graphics so real, you can almost feel the canvas as your body gets slammed, ***WWE: SmackDown vs. RAW*** delivers for PS2, Xbox 360 and PSP.

Nothing to Fear

In this first-person Xbox 360 paranormal thrill game, you and your strike team are assigned to take down an unidentified paramilitary force inside a dark multibillion-dollar aerospace facility. As if this mission weren't hard enough, an eerie, ghostlike signal interrupts all radio communications, and it appears that the first team has been obliterated in an unexplained wave of death and destruction. Blood is everywhere as you lead your team through layers of close-quarters combat. The game play is fast and tight and features six multi-player game modes for up to 16 players. How will you survive, and are the rebels your only real enemy? Your adrenaline is pumping, your heart is pounding, and you are immersed in ***F.E.A.R.***

Live by the Sword...

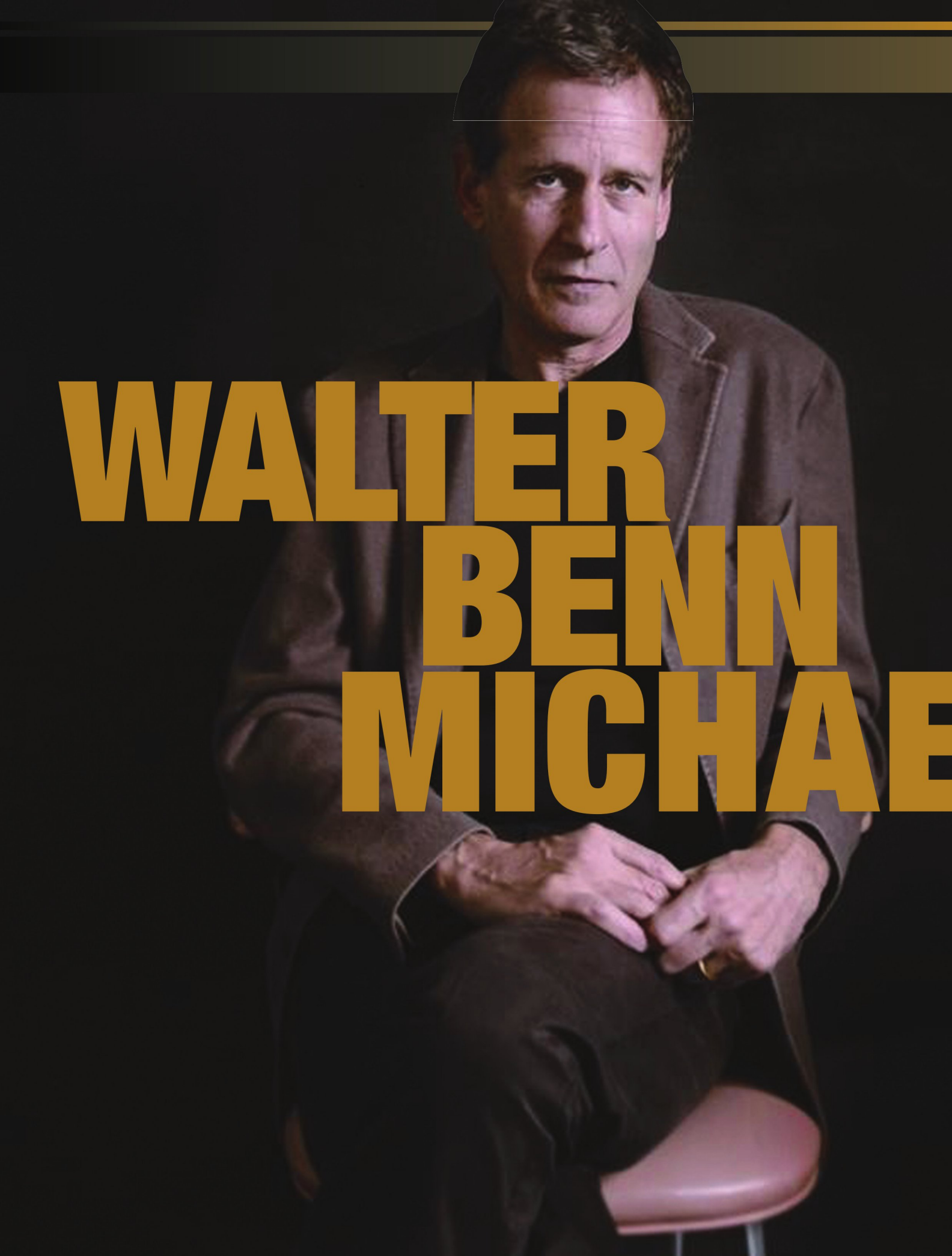
Based on the PS2 game ***Genji: Dawn of the Samurai***, this updated version, ***Genji: Days of the Blade***, is set three years after the last chapter of Genkuro Yoshitsune's life and expands upon the historical battles of feudal Japan. It features twice the content and twice the combat, with over 15 hours of game play based on the ancient fight between the Genji and Heishi clans. The beautifully detailed game also allows you to switch between four playable characters at any time in any of the epic and massive battles. ***Genji: Days of the Blade*** is an awesome spectacle to behold and play.



Resistance Is Futile

It's 1951, and U.S. special military forces must come to England's rescue *again*. But instead of goose-stepping kraut-munchers, this time you're battling "Chimera," an otherworldly bunch of world-dominating beings. You must help our hero, U.S. Army Ranger Sergeant Nathan Hale, find the "secret weapon" to destroy these drooling E.T.'s. ***Resistance: Fall of Man***'s immersive 3-D combat environments and vintage '50s weaponry—no lasers here, man—make it so cool. The color and look of the decimated English cityscape reinforce the seemingly permanent synergy of gaming and cinema. Hopefully, the secret weapon will be easier to locate than Iraq's phantom WMDs. For the PS3. *—Eric Althoff*

"Look, we've got you cold for thousands of deaths. But if you come clean with the *real* reasons for the war, maybe we can cut a deal!"

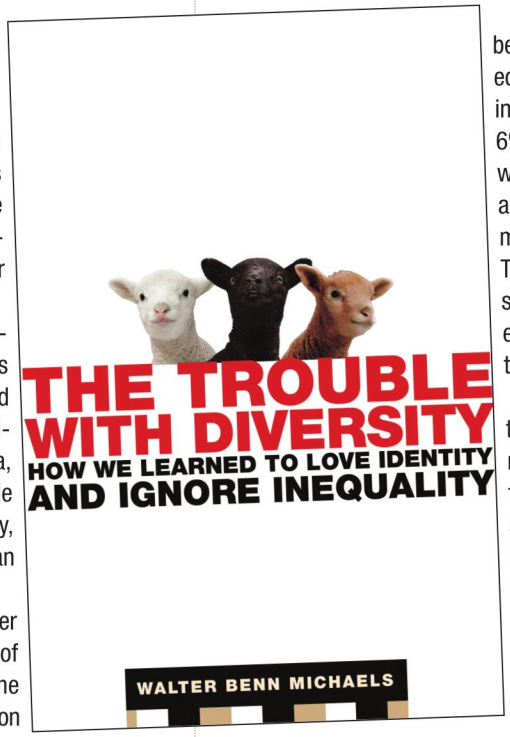

WALTER
BENN
MICHAE

It's the class struggle, stupid!

BY BRUCE DAVID AND ED RAMPELL

PROFESSOR WALTER BENN MICHAELS'S provocative new book is rocking both right-wing and left-wing political correctness. *The Trouble With Diversity: How We Learned to Love Identity and Ignore Inequality* contends that class, not "diversity"—ethnicity, gender and sexual preference—is American society's central problem. Economics trumps culture, race and sexuality as the source of U.S. inequality, according to Michaels, who argues that "identity politics" isn't liberal or leftist, but essentially conservative propaganda camouflaging or distracting us from America's most fundamental problem: poverty and the disparity of wealth.

Citing Condoleezza Rice and Colin Powell, Michaels insists: "There's evidence the Bush Administration is not racist. Its real problem is not that it doesn't care about black people; the real problem is it actually doesn't care about poor people."



Raised in Manhattan, Michaels earned his B.A. and Ph.D. at the University of California, Santa Barbara. He first taught at the University of California, Berkeley, then Johns Hopkins, and currently teaches American literature at the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Michaels points out that people making $130,000 per year and those making the median household income of $46,000 all "like to think they're middle class." But he stresses this is actually a huge income gap in a nation where "95% make below $130,000." Noting that "most increases in American wealth over the last 30 years have gone to people in the top 20%," Michaels believes Democrats, like Republicans, pursue policies favoring the wealthy few—and don't give a damn about poverty, workers and the middle class.

HUSTLER: Whatever happened to "the working class"?

WALTER BENN MICHAELS: "Working class" has disappeared from ordinary public political discourse. People got tremendously focused on racializing the poor. Ronald Reagan's welfare queen fantasy of blacks being American society's underclass disconnected the working class poor from [the] unemployed poor. But that disconnect has been reconnected. You've now got lots of poor people who work. If you're working at Wal-Mart making $10 an hour, you've got a job, you're working class, but you're not upwardly mobile working class, not working your way into the middle class. You're working class stuck at the bottom forever. I can remember the 1950s, when a guy joined the union, got a job at GM and was guaranteed a decent wage—forever. Those days are gone.

The top 2% are the true beneficiaries of Bush's tax cut?

Exactly. Over the last ten years, there's been two major developments in America's economy. The top 5% or 6% did increasingly well. But even within that top 5% or 6%, people in the top 1% did extremely well. The last 20 years saw an increase in a whole bunch of new superrich, making more money than you or I can imagine. Those people have no problem with diversity. They're as committed to diversity as everybody else, but not so eager to share the wealth.

It's easy for rich people to like diversity because diversity doesn't take any money out of their pockets. If you want truly progressive politics, stop worrying about whether rich people are diverse or not and start worrying about making them a little less rich.

How would you do that?

One thing is tax the rich. Another is start at the bottom. Truly progressive politics in America today should be a lot more focused on universal healthcare [and] providing educational opportunities for poor kids. The way we do public schooling in the U.S. today is by property taxes. People in rich neighborhoods get the best schools; the poor get the worst schools. You don't get any equality of opportunity that way. You want poor kids to get just as good a chance as rich kids.

Another idea that hasn't had serious political attention since the two people—Martin Luther King and Richard Nixon—proposed it in the '60s and early '70s is a guaranteed minimum income, using money taken when you tax the rich, giving it straight to the poor. You want to pull people down from the top, with greater taxing of the rich. And push people up from the bottom, with things like guaranteed minimum income, universal healthcare and decent schooling. That's a liberal political agenda worth

PHOTO BY JULIE JAIDINGER

fighting for. In the book, I recommend that agenda instead of the liberal agenda that has emerged, which focuses on things like affirmative action for rich kids at Harvard.

Can you place Nancy Pelosi, our first woman Speaker of the House, within the context of *The Trouble With Diversity*?

It's a mark of our success that someone like Pelosi can now be Speaker. But the real issue is not whether a man or woman is Speaker. It's whether the party running the country, or at least the House, is committed to economic equality [and] producing opportunity for everyone. It's policies that matter, not the gender of the person pursuing the policies. The celebration of Pelosi is justified. It'd be great if there was a woman President, [but] in the end it doesn't really much matter if a woman is President or not. What matters is if he or she has policies producing equality of opportunity for everybody.

Over the last 30 years Democrats and liberals have been much more committed to symbolic than real victories.

You indicated Democrats are part of the problem. Please give examples and explain why.

Think about the last presidential campaign. To what extent was Kerry committed to equality issues? Very little, actually. The one person who talked about these issues, in a consistent way and insisted on them in national politics, was [Kerry's running mate, John] Edwards. While Democrats are no doubt better than Republicans, it's not at the forefront of the Democratic agenda any more than it's at the forefront of the Republican agenda.

Why do you suppose that is?

It's really true that the fundamental problem of American society has been racism. Democrats in the last 30 or 40 years led the way in combating racism and [have] been seduced by it. They were committed to overcoming racism and prejudice, [but] they neglected problems having nothing to do with prejudice. Above all, that's poverty. The problem with being poor is not that people are prejudiced against you. [It's] that you don't have enough money. What you want, if you're poor, is not for the rich to respect you; you want some of their money.

What I'm suggesting requires real redistribution of wealth, through taxes and other reforms. It's lots easier, if you're rich, to respect people of different genders, races and sexual orientations, than to start sharing your money.

Presumably the ruling class won't fund candidates who bring up redistributing wealth.

I don't think there's one single entity called "the ruling class." There's just not lots of support among those most active in either party for redistributing wealth. People aren't bad just because they've made money. I make a pretty good amount myself. But it's not their virtue I'm worried about or that they're acting just in their own interests. It's that they aren't supporting policies that redistribute income, their own and others. People talk about what Democrats are going to do. It'll be interesting to see over the next two years, before the election, whether they tax the rich again, or if Democrats stay away from imposing new taxes.

Discuss America's widening gap and income disparity.

The top 20% controls a greater proportion of wealth than ever in contemporary America. You've got a greater gap than any time before. Census Bureau data reveals that 50.4% of all national income accrues to the richest fifth of households, the highest on record going back to 1967. The middle fifth (receiving 14.6% of total income) and bottom fifth (receiving just 3.4%) are tied in recent years for the lowest shares on record.

[According to] the Gini coefficient, named after an Italian [statistician, we] became an increasingly unequal society starting from when they first measured this in 1970. We started out relatively equal, not as much as Scandinavia, but more than most; now we've become increasingly unequal. We've just passed Mexico in terms of inequality. Even as the U.S. experienced significant economic growth in recent years, the wages of most Americans have not kept pace. Part of the paradox is, as we get more economically unequal, we get more committed to celebrating diversity and respecting different cultures. Inequality has nothing to do with respecting different cultures.

[What] brought my great-grandparents to America, and everybody's ancestors to America, is the American Dream: You can start out poor and become rich. But the truth is that social mobility in the U.S. has decreased tremendously over the last half-century. According to some economists, social mobility is now greater in [what] the Bush Administration calls "Old Europe" than in the U.S. today. In Germany now, you have a better chance of starting poor and becoming rich. What brought our ancestors here, the American Dream, can be done better now in the place they came from.

The number of people who get to the top may be roughly the same in Mexico as here. The one advantage we have over Mexico, what brings so many Mexicans here, is the bottom here is nowhere near as low as there. There's still incentive for people to come here from places like Mexico.

But the downside is [they] become part of our increasing inequality. Instead of Mexico becoming more like us, we're becoming more like Mexico.

THROW THE BUMS OUT!

THE 43 SENATORS WHO VOTED AGAINST RAISING THE MINIMUM WAGE:

Alexander (R-TN)
Allard (R-CO)
Bennett (R-UT)
Bond (R-MO)
Bunning (R-KY)
Burr (R-NC)
Chambliss (R-GA)
Coburn (R-OK)
Cochran (R-MS)
Corker (R-TN)
Cornyn (R-TX)
Craig (R-ID)
Crapo (R-ID)
DeMint (R-SC)
Dole (R-NC)
Domenici (R-NM)
Ensign (R-NV)
Enzi (R-WY)
Graham (R-SC)
Grassley (R-IA)
Gregg (R-NH)
Hagel (R-NE)
Hatch (R-UT)
Hutchison (R-TX)
Inhofe (R-OK)
Isakson (R-GA)
Kyl (R-AZ)
Lott (R-MS)
Lugar (R-IN)
Martinez (R-FL)
McCain (R-AZ)
McConnell (R-KY)
Murkowski (R-AK)
Roberts (R-KS)
Sessions (R-AL)
Shelby (R-AL)
Smith (R-OR)
Stevens (R-AK)
Sununu (R-NH)
Thomas (R-WY)
Thune (R-SD)
Vitter (R-LA)
Voinovich (R-OH)

Our poor have high-definition TV sets.

Right-wingers often say, "Look, it's not so bad being poor now as it was because poor people can afford things like fancier TVs and iPods. Because TVs and iPods have gotten cheaper." True. But if you understand pricing, you [know] in the same years TVs and certain cars got cheaper, other things got more expensive. Healthcare's incredible rise in cost more than offsets the lowering cost of high-definition TVs. How about college educations? Way more expensive.

The good news is if you're poor in America, you'll get decent televisions. The bad news is if you're poor today in America, you haven't got a prayer of getting a college education [and] decent healthcare. It's a trade-off. The good TV is a thing you can sit around and watch when you're too sick to get out of the house, because you haven't got any healthcare.

Are the middle class and the poor both victims of class warfare?

For sure. Whenever anybody talks about redistributing income today, people on talk shows right away say you're preaching class warfare. The truth is we've had class warfare for a long time, and poor people are losing. The fundamental conflict, class warfare, is real. It's between increasingly rich people and everybody else. That conflict takes place every day, in every workplace in the country; poor people have been losing from day one. Redistribution of wealth is already well underway, redistributed upwards. We want to continue class warfare, but make it so the right side starts winning.

In today's America, while we see people like Tiger Woods and Condoleezza Rice "transcending" gaps, proportionately more blacks, Latinos, Indians, etc., have higher rates of poverty.

I point that out in the book. Blacks today are disproportionately poor, and it's not hard to see why, if a main factor of success is how much money your parents had. African Americans have been under a double whammy a long time. First, hundreds of years in slavery. Then a long Jim Crow period. There's no one who's always been accumulating capital in their family; they're not coming from the fourth generation that went to college, [but] from where nobody ever had a dime.

What I'm arguing is that we implement politics designed to reduce differences between rich and poor, regardless of whether they're black or not. The good news about reparations is that because it's directed to black people, even though a few Tiger Woodses would get money they don't need, lots of people needing money would. But the bad news is it has nothing whatsoever to do with the fundamental problem of American society today. Hell, if my great-grandfather were a slave owner, had all the money in the world, then lost it and I was born poor like you, it doesn't matter what the history was that made you [or] me poor. A just society owes us both an equal opportunity, [like] kids born rich.

The solution to that problem is to solve it in a way [that helps] all poor people, black or white. Not by continuing to emphasize the primacy of antiracism, although antiracism obviously is important. But the fundamental problem is no longer racism: [it's] poverty. Since blacks are disproportionately poor right now, black people would be disproportionately aided by policies helping the poor, even though the policies themselves would be colorblind.

You're saying, "It's not fair for the child of a parent who screwed up to be punished by starting out behind the person whose parent didn't screw up."

Yeah. If I screw up, leave my kids nothing, give them no education, I may deserve [what] happens to me because I've screwed up. But no child in a just society deserves an opportunity less great than the other child. Obviously, it's hard to solve that problem completely, when you have no idea how to go about it. We should look for policies [where] kids of parents who screw up have some opportunity, rather than just inheriting bad things their parents did. My kids don't deserve benefits they get from my comparative success, but somebody else's kids also don't deserve disadvantages they get from somebody else's comparative failure.

You're in academia. How many needy people are offered scholarships?

Harvard, an institute with a very good policy, doesn't require families making under $60,000 a year to pay tuition. It's thinking about a new policy to provide help for what they call middle-income students, families making between $110,000 and $160,000 a year. Harvard provides tuition breaks or scholarships for kids from families like that. Scholarship money increasingly goes to people needing it least.

Do you have a political agenda our readers can adopt to effect change?

Look at the platform of the Labor Party (TheLaborParty.org), a small party very active in South Carolina, a poor state. The Labor Party is a poor party. Give money to the Labor Party. If you look at their agenda online, it's for working people regardless of race—including universal healthcare [and] guaranteed minimum wage. Political scientist Adolph Reed, who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, is an active Labor Party leader. Look at political activity not taking place directly inside the Democratic Party, but which provides a real opportunity for Left politics in American life.

"Damn liberal media! Now the terrorists know what *we* know about George W. Bush!"

SCREEN NAME:

Monica Starr

AGE: 25

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 5,022

From a tiny town in northwestern Kansas comes our newest Girl of MySpace. A genuine cowgirl, Monica Starr works on her family's 15,000-acre ranch. In her free time she hunts pheasant, barrel-races in local rodeos and charges people $15 a pop to break horses. Introducing a steed to being saddled and ridden is daunting, and Monica has been bucked off plenty of times, but so far the only injury she's suffered is a broken toe. For just 15 smackers, we think those horses are getting one helluva deal!

Now an accomplished fitness model, Monica has traveled to competitions all over the country and has been featured in many muscle and health publications. The 5-foot-2 hardbody is also a personal trainer. Since there wasn't a gym near home, Monica converted her huge garage into a place where she can instruct clients.

So what does our little Annie Oakley fantasize about when feeling frisky? "A hot bubble bath, all wet and steamy," the adult-mag first-timer replies. Her most exciting romantic encounter? "Having sex in the back of a pickup during a furious snowstorm."

The curvy Kansan loves chitchatting with fans, so drop her a line at MySpace.com/MonicaStarr. Finally, uncensored pics abound at MonicaStarr.net, where the two swimsuits she's popping out of here can be purchased. They're called Starr Xclusives, and the hottie designed them herself. Enjoy!

THE GIRLS OF MYSP

BY TYLER DOWNEY

Photos courtesy Michael Stycket

ACE #5: Monica Starr

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

"It's true. Many men do consider man's best friend to be a dog.
I, however, have a different view."

HELL NO, THEY WON'T GO!

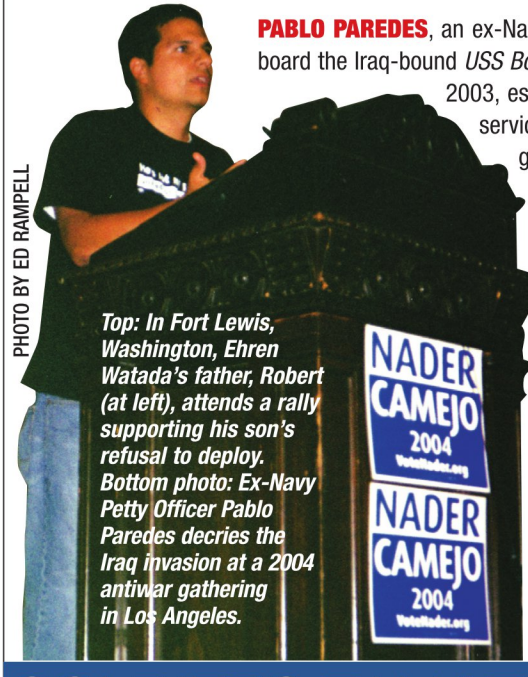


PHOTO BY ED RAMPELL

Top: In Fort Lewis, Washington, Ehren Watada's father, Robert (at left), attends a rally supporting his son's refusal to deploy. Bottom photo: Ex-Navy Petty Officer Pablo Paredes decries the Iraq invasion at a 2004 antiwar gathering in Los Angeles.

PABLO PAREDES, an ex-Navy petty officer who refused to board the Iraq-bound *USS Bonhomme Richard* in December 2003, estimates that up to 40,000 U.S. servicemen and -women have either gone AWOL (absent without leave) or deserted since 2000. The number of deserters from the Iraq War alone is estimated at around 10,000. The GI Rights Helpline—where The Bronx, New York, resident works—gets 40,000 calls a year—half from military personnel who've gone AWOL and want advice on their options. Paredes assumes that at least the same number do not call.

"Every time we pick up the phone, it's a horror story," Paredes relates. "They've all seen something incredibly traumatic; they've watched friends die, civilians die, women assaulted and raped. They've had enough. Some of them have been officially diagnosed with psych issues," Paredes continues, "and the military tries to get them to suck it up and send them straight back to Iraq. Some have done three, four or even five tours of duty, and they are not going back to risk their lives a sixth time. They don't want to lose their lives for an insane war."

Court-martialed for refusing to ship out to the Gulf, Paredes was administratively discharged after receiving a relatively light sentence and serving no time in the brig.

The Pentagon is evasive about revealing numbers. By 2004 the Defense Department admitted to 8,500 deserters—not including Marines. On December 2, 2006, CNN reported that 9,500 servicemen and -women had deserted since the start of the Iraq War and that 2,500 to 3,000 had gone AWOL. While anyone absent without leave for more than 30 days is technically classified a deserter, Paredes has had callers who have been on the lam for six months without being officially listed.

SOLDIERS TALK TO **IAN WILLIAMS** ON GOING AW

PHOTO COURTESY U.N. PHOTO DEPT.

Ian Williams (right), as President of the U.N. Correspondents Association, raises a glass of single malt with then-United Nations Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali in 1995.

The numbers involved are the highest since the Vietnam War, during which an estimated 1.5 million soldiers deserted and went AWOL. Back then, George W. Bush moved to Texas and used his family connections to dodge combat duty while less-well-connected Americans flocked by the thousands to Canada. Liberal Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau rolled out the red carpet for them, saying, "Canada should be a refuge from militarism." Up to 100,000 went north, 30,000 settling there permanently.

One of them, Jeffry House, became a lawyer and now handles the cases of over 30 contemporary GIs who have applied for refugee status to avoid service in Iraq. He estimates that there are another 200 in Canada who have not yet applied formally.

Staff Sergeant Camilo Mejía was the first combat veteran who refused to return to Iraq, staying Stateside to denounce the war. He gave himself up and received a year sentence, but is still fighting. "I'm appealing my conviction, so I'm still in the military, although I'm not in uniform or being bossed around by a military superior," says Mejía, who seems haunted by the things he did and saw in Iraq.

PHOTO BY ED RAMPELL

Pablo Paredes explains to a reporter why he refused to ship out to Iraq at a 2004 antiwar gathering at Immanuel Presbyterian Church, the "people's church" for L.A. activists.

"It's a pretty messed-up thing, so you can't really say I have no regrets. But after all, I'm in a better position. The experience has allowed me to grow, to speak out against the war, to educate others. I've had some contact with people from my squad in Iraq, and they have been very supportive. They know it was not a matter of cowardice, because we have been through so much together, and I did my job as a squad leader. I proved myself to them in combat; they know me very well."

Mejía, the son of Sandinista revolutionaries, ruled out fleeing. "I weighed the idea of Canada, but I also had dual Nicaraguan and Costa Rican citizenship, so I could have gone back to either of those countries and had a comfortable middle-class life. It was not just to save my own skin. The best way to make my voice heard was to go public and take my place in court, and eventually it may go all the way to the Supreme Court, if the military refuses to recognize my rights as a conscientious objector."

In this war, the stakes are higher for those crossing the border. These resisters are a new and tougher breed. Unlike most Vietnam-era servicemen, they volunteered for the military, and most expressed their willingness to go to equally dangerous combat zones in Afghanistan, but they all unite in condemning the war in Iraq as immoral, illegal and futile. And they should know: Many of them have been there.

By 1969, all an American GI had to do was cross the border and register as an immigrant, since Trudeau's government guaranteed no one would be sent back. Since then, Canada has raised its immigration barriers. Would-be immigrants have to apply from their own countries and are required to show education, training and financial assets before emigrating to Canada—a process that can take two years.

Today arriving GIs must apply for political asylum on the grounds of persecution for refusing to take part in an illegal war. Three years ago, former Private First Class Jeremy Hinzman was the first American to apply for this status. His case is being laboriously fought by the Canadian government, which is now conservative and has so far persuaded the courts to ignore the question of whether or not the Iraq War is illegal. The lower level Immigration and Refugee Boards and courts have ruled against Hinzman, who, if successful, would reportedly be Canada's first ever certified political refugee from the U.S.

Hinzman headed north with his wife and toddler at the beginning of 2004. Now working as a bike courier in Toronto, he has already survived several of Ontario's ferocious winters. "The government didn't roll out a red carpet for us," Hinzman says, "but we like it up here, and there's a lot of support for what we have done."

The ex-soldier adds, "We've adapted pretty well. The fact that there is free healthcare is a big plus, but in general it's not that different from home. Everyone has equal opportuni-

OL, DESERTING AND RESISTING BUSH'S MILITARY.

HOW TO GET YOUR JUST "DESERTS":

GOING AWOL OR DESERTING

Anyone who wants to go to Canada just has to cross the border and then, once safely inside, present yourself to a Canadian Border services agency and apply for political asylum. Tell the officer you do not want to fight in Iraq because it is a violation of international law. Lawyer Jeffry House, a Vietnam War vet who fled to Canada himself, cautions, "No one declares themselves at the border—wait until you are inside. There may be some problems. We don't exactly trust every Border Service official to do the right thing. They probably would, but why take chances?"

It takes a year to get a hearing before the Immigration Board, and appeals can take up to several years. But in the meantime, asylum applicants are eligible for a work permit and medical insurance, and their children can attend school. Resisters should be prepared to help pay for at least part of their legal costs. House says appellants finance their cases themselves, with help from private citizens' generous donations. But he adds, "Sometimes I work for free."

BROKEBACK OR BAGHDAD? THE GAY OPTION

There is another route out for the brave. Ten times as many armed services personnel may have declared themselves to be gay as have fled to Canada. Ever since Clinton and the military's "Don't ask, don't tell," policy, the quickest and fastest way out of the military is to confess to being gay or lesbian. "In many ways it's a very effective option," suggests Pablo Paredes. "Almost across the board, if you can create your package in a clean-cut way, it is a very efficient, administrative discharge, other than honorable. So there is no stigma attached. The secret is to offer as little detail [of your purported homosexual activities] as possible, especially if you have critical skills, since they may hold an inquiry."

Paredes reports that about 7% of the GI Hotline's 40,000 callers discuss the *Brokeback Mountain* option, "but we do not know who follows through."

CONTACT INFO:

In the U.S., contact the GI Rights Hotline at 800-394-9544; see GIrights.objector.org. In Canada, call the War Resisters Support Campaign at 416-598-1222, or e-mail *Resisters@sympatico.ca*; also see Resisters.ca. From outside the U.S. or Canada, call 510-465-1472. Antiwar attorney Jeffry House: *JeffryHouse@hotmail.com*. More useful information: SoldierSayNo.blogspot.com; MFSO.org; IVAW.org.

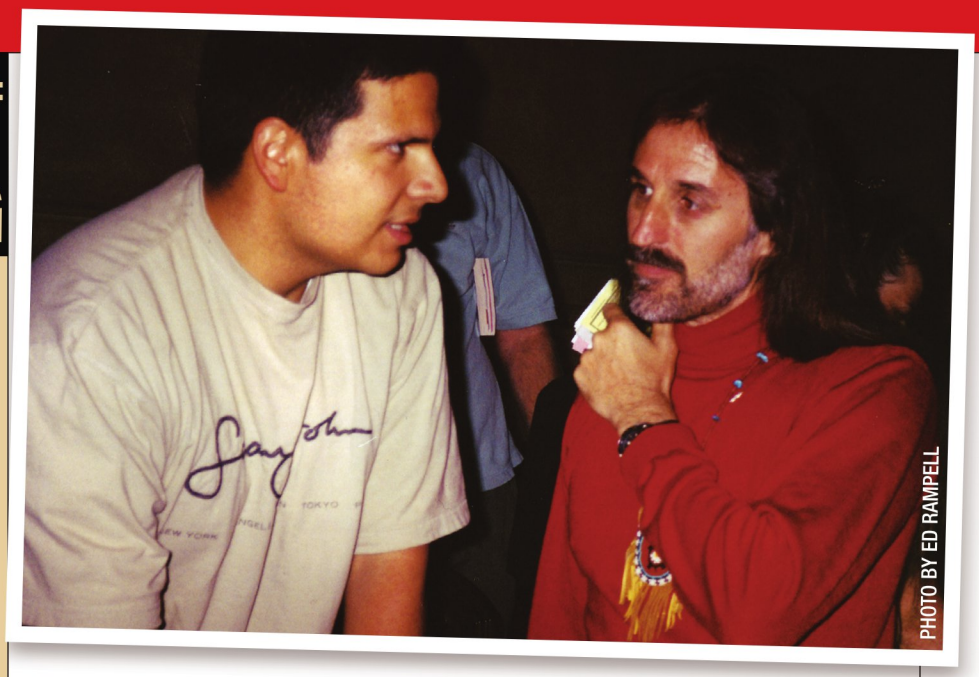


PHOTO BY ED RAMPELL

Ex-sailor Pablo Paredes speaks with Peter Dudar, codirector of Arlington West, a documentary about erecting a "temporary cemetery" in public places to honor those killed in Iraq. Paredes and Dudar are pictured at a 2004 antiwar event at Immanuel Presbyterian, the "movement church" in Los Angeles.

ties. We're not rich, but we're not poor—comfortable."

Hinzman has no regrets. He joined the Army for the college funding, but was so horrified by the bloodthirsty values of basic training that he applied for conscientious objector status. Pending his appeal, he served in a noncombatant post with the 82nd Airborne Division in Afghanistan. After returning home, Hinzman heard that his application had been denied and that he was being deployed to Iraq. So he flew the coop to the Great White North.

"It was an illegal war," Hinzman insists. "We did the right thing by deciding to fight it. Canada refused to fight in the war. To me that said they thought the war was illegal and immoral. When we came here, we knew that the chances were we may not be able to go back to America."

Hinzman attends meetings of the War Resisters Support Campaign in Canada, but the ex-GIs do not cling together obsessively like expatriates in a foreign country. "It's not like we are the army north of the border," Hinzman laughs. In addition to those who have asked for political asylum, other deserters who fled to Canada are trying to make up their minds. House says over 100 have contacted him, and he knows of more on Canada's West Coast and in Quebec.

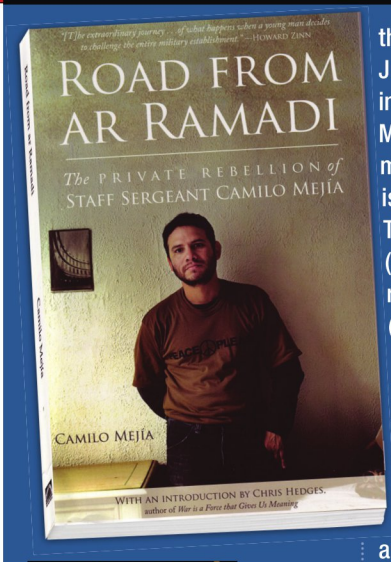
House describes Ottawa's dilemma: "The Canadian government doesn't want to send a signal to the U.S. Army: 'Come here!' Individual officials come up to us and whisper sympathy. But that's not the official line, which is that the war is not obnoxious or illegal enough for you to stay here."

In a recent poll, 74% of Canadians saw George W. Bush as a threat to world peace. About the same number said the Iraq War was not justified, so there's lots of support for the GIs, restraining any attempts by Canada's new right-tilting government to send them back. It helps, says House, that the war resisters "are very presentable, intelligent, thoughtful and articulate; they have been through things."

House is confident of eventual success, even if the issue has to go all the way to the Canadian Supreme Court. He cites the ironic precedent of a decade ago in which the Court ruled in favor of Mohamed Al-Maisri, a Yemeni deserter from Saddam Hussein's army at the time of the first Gulf War. In other words, it's not illegal to desert from an army that stages unprovoked attacks.

Hinzman's case has now been followed by around three dozen more, and none of his counterparts feel any pressure to leave. Applicants for refugee status get work permits, access to the school system and—something mentioned enthusiastically by all I spoke to—Canada's free healthcare.

Kyle Snyder headed to British Columbia when he returned from Iraq on leave. Snyder was already disaffected with the military due to family problems, but adds, "I saw a lot of things that were changing my mind about this war. I made a conscious choice that I couldn't


ROAD FROM AR RAMADI
The PRIVATE REBELLION of STAFF SERGEANT CAMILO MEJÍA
CAMILO MEJÍA
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY CHRIS HEDGES

CAMILO MEJÍA

Staff Sergeant Camilo Mejía served on active duty with the Army's infantry for three years before transferring to the Florida National Guard. During a five-month deployment to Iraq, Mejía witnessed prisoner torture and civilian killings. Returning Stateside for a two-week furlough, he became the first U.S. soldier to refuse to return to Iraq. On March 16, 2004, Mejía applied for conscientious objector status and sought discharge from the Army, insisting he didn't want to commit war crimes. Mejía, who has been in the military for about nine years, was court-martialed. Although his defense team included ex-U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, Mejía was convicted on May 21, 2004.

"The charge was Article 85 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice—desertion with the intent to avoid hazardous duty," Mejía explained. "But what is more significant than the charge is the type of court-martial. There are three types: summary (the lightest one), special (mine, right in the middle) and general (the most severe).

"Given my type of court-martial, the maximum sentence I could receive was 12 months of incarceration, demotion to the lowest rank, forfeiture of two-thirds of my pay and a bad-conduct discharge. I got the maximum, but the same charge under a general court-martial could have carried the death penalty—execution by a firing squad! That's why it's important to pay attention to the type of court-martial as well as to the charge."

Mejía served his sentence at Fort Mills in Lawton, Oklahoma. Amnesty International declared him a prisoner of conscience. He was released February 15, 2005, after about nine months behind bars. Undaunted, Mejía continues his struggle for justice and opposition to the Iraq War.

"My status has different names, but the one I use the most is 'appellate leave.' It basically means I'm appealing my military conviction and am still in the military, but only for appellate purposes. The same's true for my conscientious objector application, which is still pending," said Mejía, who appears in the documentary *The Ground Truth* and wrote *Road From Ar Ramadi: The Private Rebellion of Staff Sergeant Camilo Mejía* (TheNewPress.com). Additional information can be found at FreeCamilo.com.

First Lieutenant Ehren Watada announces to the press in June 2006 his refusal to deploy to Iraq.

EHREN WATADA

First Lieutenant Ehren Watada of Hawaii made headlines as the first commissioned officer to refuse deployment to Iraq. Following 9/11 and the invasion of Iraq, Watada—believing Bush Administration allegations about WMDs—joined the Army to protect America. But after Bush's claims proved to be false, the first lieutenant changed his mind about fighting in what he now calls an "illegal war." Citing the Geneva Conventions, U.N. Charter and Nuremberg Principles, and declaring that he swore allegiance to the U.S. Constitution—not Bush—Watada attempted to resign his commission in January 2006. On June 22, 2006, he refused to accompany his unit to Iraq. Watada's case became a cause célèbre for peace activists, and his backers include actor Sean Penn.

For exercising Constitutional rights he swore to uphold, Watada was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and missing movement (deployment). He reportedly faced up to an eight-year prison sentence. In addition, the military court forbade Watada from explaining his political motivations for refusing deployment to Iraq, and his defense was prohibited from presenting its case regarding the war's illegality.

Watada's court-martial at Fort Lewis, Washington, was abruptly halted on February 7, 2007, when the judge declared a mistrial. On February 23, 2007, the Army refiled the charges. As of press time, no date for the second trial has been set. Meanwhile, Watada's attorney, Eric Seitz, said he'd seek dismissal of the charges because they violated Watada's double jeopardy rights. (For up-to-date information, see ThankYouLt.org. For more info on war resisters, see CourageToResist.org. *—Ed Rampell*

live with myself if I stayed in Iraq. I felt it was evil, the things that were happening. We were not doing anything positive for the Iraqi people."

Then, after 18 months in Canada, Snyder heard that another resister, Darrell Anderson, had negotiated a deal that would have him quickly discharged if he went south and gave himself up. Snyder retained Anderson's attorney, Jim Fennerty, who'd worked out the same offer with Major Brian Patterson at Fort Knox in Kentucky. "I gave up my job in Canada, gave up my healthcare and my refugee status," Snyder states. "In fact, I gave up the life I had started over the last 18 months on a chance of a discharge that they would just let me out."

However, when Snyder reported to Fort Knox, instead of the less-than-honorable discharge he was promised, Snyder says, "The whole attitude changed. It was 'We are going to fuck you, we will send you back to your unit, and you will probably be redeployed back to Iraq.'"

Soldiers from Fort Knox dropped him off at the Greyhound station for a trip to Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri. Snyder recalls thinking, "I'm, like, fuck this. I'm not getting on that bus."

Instead, when I eventually spoke to him, he was in New Orleans. "I'm going to help Iraq Veterans Against the War reconstruct, like we should have done when Katrina hit," he declared. "It's still a disaster area here; I don't see why there aren't troops here. It takes me running away from the military to do a job the military should have been doing in the first place."

And after only a few weeks, he missed Canada. "We were loved up there. I miss it. I do."

Suppose they gave a war, and nobody came....

Manhattan-based Ian Williams is the author of Deserter: Bush's War on Military Families, Veterans, and His Past and Rum: A Social and Sociable History of the Real Spirit of 1776. The U.N. correspondent for The Nation magazine and many other publications around the world, Williams covered both Gulf wars. He has appeared on The O'Reilly Factor, Scarborough Country, Hardball, Lou Dobbs Tonight and Your World w/ Neil Cavuto. "I'm the liberal lion they throw to the Christian Right," Williams quips.

ANIMAL AT

TRACTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

I'm a 19-year-old adult model," Nikki declares. "Technically, I'm considered to be a porn star, but that title is wrong. I love posing naked, *but* you won't see me in any hard-core XXX flicks."

Really, Nikki, never? "I love to live life to the fullest and with no regrets," she gushes. "I like to go against the grain and do things my way, and I don't really give a fuck what anybody thinks about it. Porn flicks don't appeal to me. I guess I shouldn't say I'll *never* star in an adult film, but I don't think I will."

How did such a pretty young thing from the middle of nowhere end up in skin mags? "I never fit in growing up in Ohio," Nikki tells us. "I wanted more out of life than a 9-to-5 job. I tried going that route and went to college, majoring in business administration, but I hated it." Cracking up, she chirps, "It didn't help that I had no interest in what I was studying."

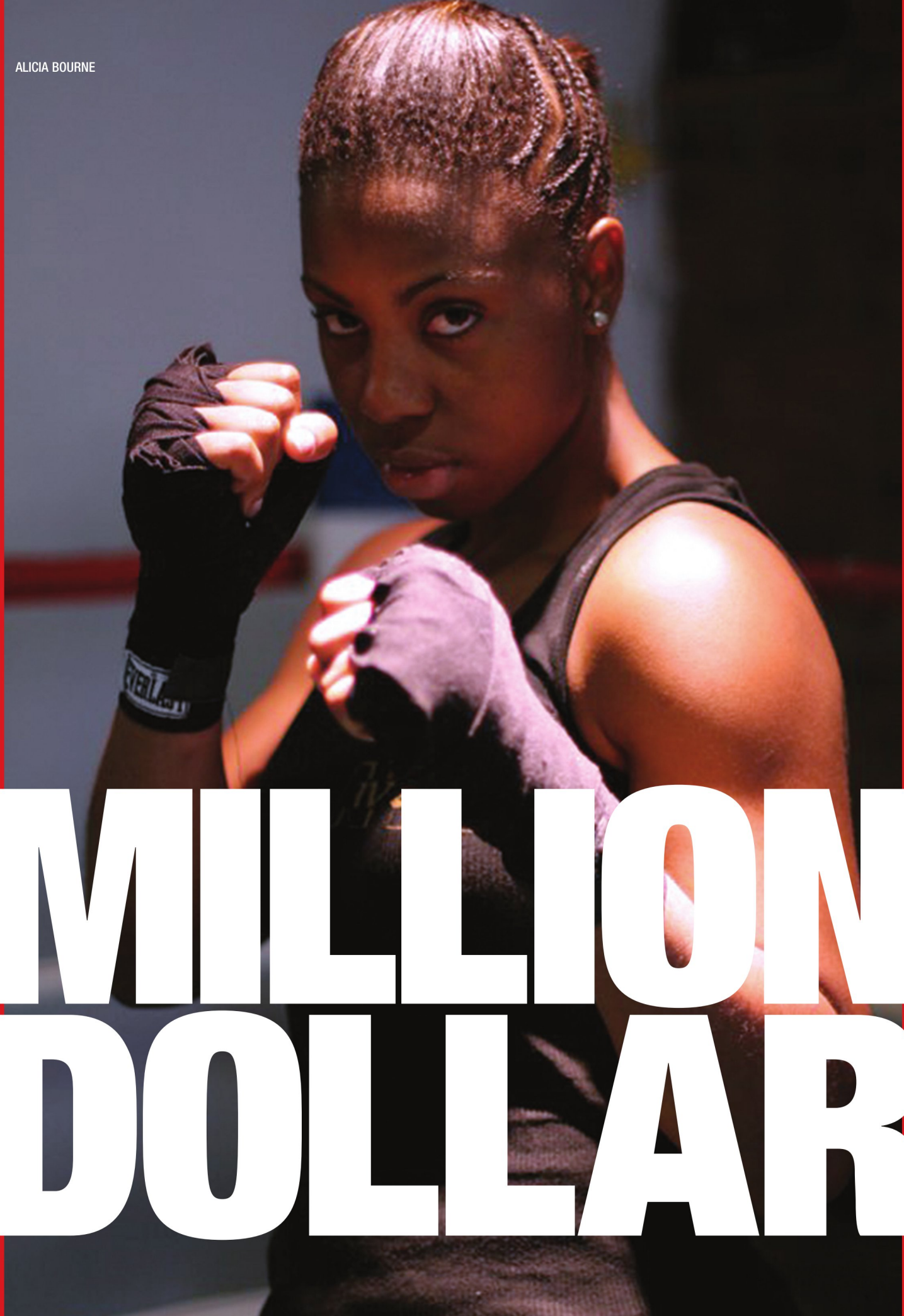
NIKKI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Athens, OH
AGE: 19
BIRTH SIGN: Virgo
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: 106
MEASUREMENTS: "I'm petite. That's all you need to know."

But there was no stopping Nikki's wanderlust. "Throughout my life, I've had the dream of somehow finding fame and fortune," the newbie goes on, "and I had always wanted to try modeling. When a friend told me you could submit photos online to magazines, I did it and got a good response immediately. I bolted from that tiny one-horse town [Athens] and moved to Los Angeles. I've been doing adult modeling full time since last October."

What does Ms. Kane dig in bed? “I love to be spanked a little bit, but that’s all I’ll say,” she replies. “My sex life is kind of private. Nevertheless, I will mention that my kind of a guy is gentle when he should be and rough when I need it.”

Although somewhat reticent, the fetching vixen doesn’t hold back when asked what she’s up to. “My main goal in life is to find my very own 15 minutes in the limelight,” Nikki proclaims. “I want to be famous, just like every girl who moves to Hollywood, and I think I’m on my way!”



ALICIA BOURNE

MILLION DOLLAR

Filmmaker **Jill Morley** Puts on the Gloves for a Close-up Look at Boxing's Real Ring Girls

Bing! Bing!

Fourth round. Heart beating fast, breath traveling quickly, in and out of my lungs. I'm drenched in sweat and determination. She's tough, perhaps more skilled than me, but I know I can score some points with my jab and try to create an opening for my right. Leaving my corner, I approach her with true intent.

Moving my head from side to side, I concentrate on her gloves. She starts popping jabs to my face, and I block them with my right glove. Then she sneaks an uppercut to my body. It takes my breath away and pisses me off, not so much from the pain, but from the embarrassment that she'd gotten the better of me. Controlling my breathing, I force myself to stay calm, or else I'll lose focus, and all technique will go out the window.

Bending forward to the left, I throw an uppercut, catching her on the chin. Her head snaps back. We're both surprised. I'm concerned at first, but am glad it's not me this time. She shakes it off and comes right back at me.

With a jab to my body, and a hard overhand right to my head, she scores two points. This hurts. My head starts pounding, my sight dims for a moment, and I pray I don't crumple to the canvas. While I sidestep around the ring to get my bearings and composure, she comes back in for the kill, but this time I see she's not blocking her face. I catch her with a right hand and left hook to her head. This knocks her off balance. My corner cheers. We're both breathing hard, sweat flying off us with every punch.

"Thirty seconds!" my trainer hollers from my corner.

"Come on, Andrea, she's getting tired!" my opponent's trainer yells from her corner. I hate hearing that.

Catching my breath, I know there's little time to score, so I have to break through the wall of exhaustion.

PHOTO BY GARY LAI
JILL MORLEY

RITA VALENTINI & PAULA CORTEZ

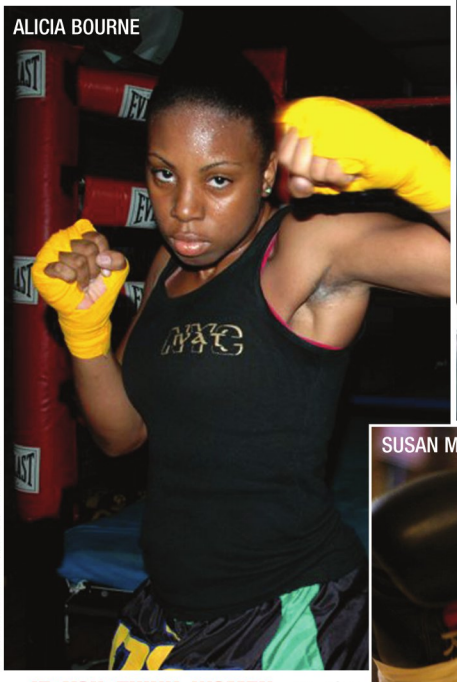
EDIZEN STOWELL & RITA VALENTINI

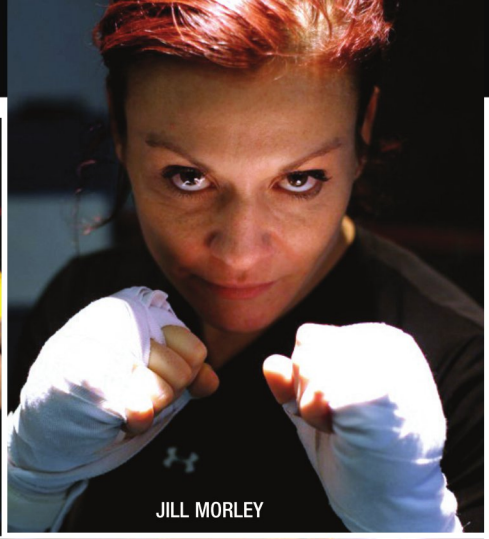
PAULA CORTEZ

TRAINER MACKA FOLEY & EDIZEN STOWELL

PHOTOS BY MARK JOHNSON & GIL ORTIZ

BABIES


ALICIA BOURNE


JILL MORLEY

Pro Fighter KIMBERLY TOMES

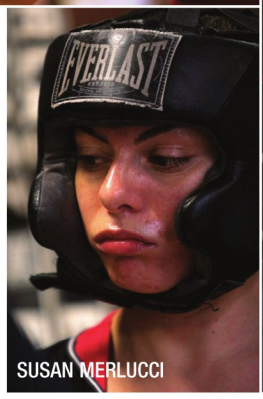
SUSAN MERLUCCI

PHOTOS BY LUCAS NOONAN

IF YOU THINK WOMEN are the weaker sex, think again. Although boxers have traditionally been of the male of the species, sports—like the times—are a-changing. The struggles of equal-rights activists empowered women to step into the ring. By 1993, women began competing in amateur tournaments, then the Golden Gloves in 1995. Today more than 2,000 female boxers are registered in the United States. Around the world, 34 countries recognize female boxing programs—with America, Canada and Sweden leading the way.

My friends encouraged me to make a documentary on the subject, but I didn't want to. I had already made a film in which I had appeared—about stripping. At first I preferred to box just for the experience. However, after meeting some of the fighters and trainers in the female-boxing community, I had to share their stories.

There's Susan Merlucci, a sexy little spitfire so solid, she doesn't even dent when you punch her. Before strapping on her gloves, Rita Valentini was taking it off for HUSTLER and strip clubs. These are unique and interesting characters who provide insight on how to approach life. So, in addition to training, I started filming *Ring Girls*.


SUSAN MERLUCCI

SUSAN MERLUCCI and JILL MORLEY

I have always been a fighter, just not a boxer. Being petite, my Napoleonic complex kicked in as a toddler. I had to win every party game, or I'd become inconsolable. My competitive streak increased as I got older. I played various team sports, became a competitive tennis player, and

STRIPPED

BY JILL MORLEY

Stripped was a documentary I made about the journey women endure as strippers. Following five exotic dancers (including myself) over a seven-year period, I delved into how stripping affected our lives, relationships and spirits. The most difficult thing was how hard it was to quit! The money, attention and lifestyle can be addictive, and it's hard to go back to "regular" work earning "regular" money. After a certain number of years—which varies per girl—sex work takes its toll. Two dancers in my story became trapped by the lifestyle; they're no longer with us. The others got out and moved on with their lives. *Stripped* was theatrically released in New York City and Los Angeles, aired on the Sundance Channel and is available via Netflix or at JillMorley.com.

while at Red Bank Catholic High School, won first team all-state in New Jersey.

But boxing was the expression I'd longed for.

SUSAN MERLUCCI and KIMBERLY TOMES

Not as sophisticated as tennis, nor a sport upper-middle-class white girls were encouraged to participate in, I found sweating profusely while hitting bags with my fists was more rewarding than hitting balls with a racket. I was hooked right from the start.

I was first exposed to pugilism when my Manhattan gym, Equinox, started offering classes. The punches came naturally to me; the body rotations were similar to those used in tennis. My teacher was former middleweight champion Michael Olajide, Jr., who helped teach Will Smith to box for the 2001 Muhammad Ali biopic.

"RELAX, BREATHE!" trainer Steve Frank advises in his thick Guyanese accent as my sparring session with Andrea continues. "Too much is going on in your head. You gotta breathe!" Owner of K&Lo Fitness, Steve operates out of Wat gym in Manhattan. A former world champion with 30 years of experience, he's an expert on strategy and conditioning drills.

Susan Merlucci is a personal trainer at Wat gym. She started off as an actress in New York and became a Muay Thai kickboxing fighter. Frustrated with not getting enough matches in her weight class and after sustaining a hip injury, Susan took up boxing. Her boyfriend, Mike Reno—captain of the New York Fire Department's boxing team—trains her sometimes, but they tend to bicker. So she also trains with Ronson Frank, Steve's younger brother, and an undefeated boxer in his own right.

Susan's game is that of a pit bull. She "walks the girl down," stalking an opponent relentlessly until she either knocks her out or gets the best of her. As an amateur boxer, Susan has won her first three fights.

At 34, this is Susan's last year to try and win a title in an amateur tournament. In the amateur ranks we fight only four rounds, two minutes each. That doesn't sound like much, but at first I could only do two rounds before breathing as if my lungs were the size of garbage bags. In the pros, the women go four to six two-minute rounds, versus the men's three-minute rounds. The number of rounds that men fight varies, but championship bouts are usually 12.

Boxing is still the only Olympic sport reserved exclusively for men. But that will most likely change soon. In amateur boxing, girls have to wear headgear, mouth guards and groin protection, just like the guys. We also wear chest protectors, making us look like Austin Powers's fembots. Mandatory in amateur tournaments, they're stiff little plastic cups we slip in under our sports bras and over our breasts. I don't like having the extra padding because I think it takes me up a weight class. Susan is lucky—she's smaller-chested.

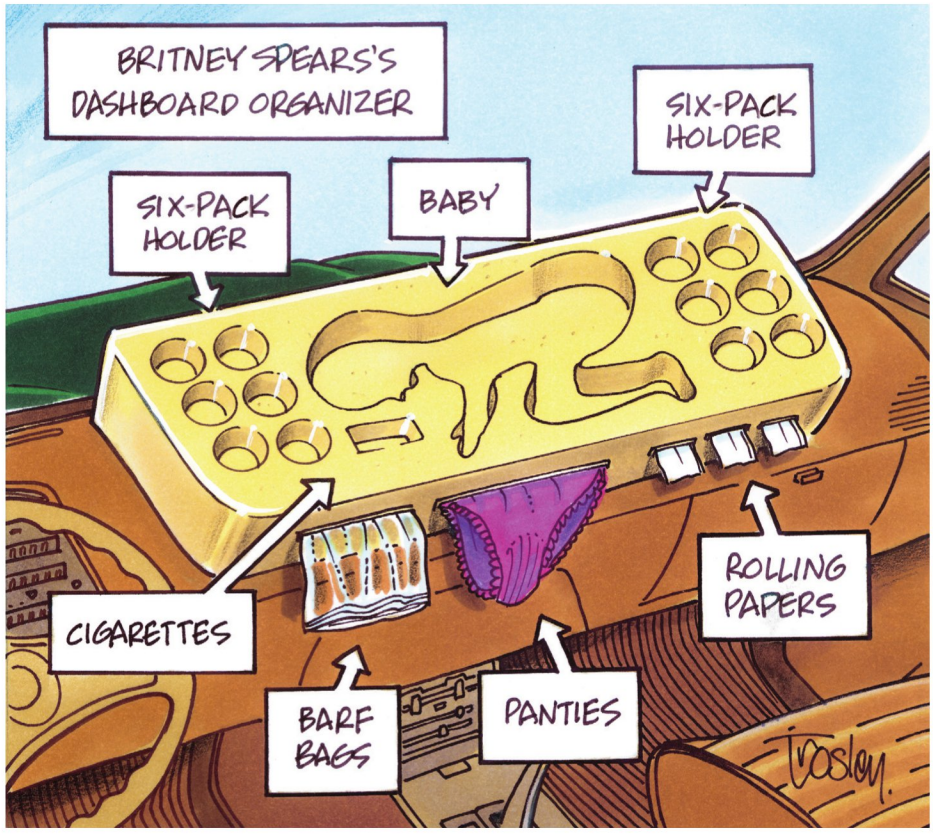
I'm fortunate that my husband, Gary, is supportive of my boxing and even trains with me at times. These are always bonding experiences. His favorite part is when I have to practice defense, and he gets to throw punches at my head. Afterward, we like to eat out, see a movie, come home, make love…if we're not too exhausted.

Rita Valentini trains at the Wild Card Gym in Los Angeles. After having been a stripper, porn model and drug abuser, she became a pro fighter. When people at the gym found out about her past, it was the women who gave Rita a hard time. When she was still stripping, the girls would beat Rita up while she was learning to spar.

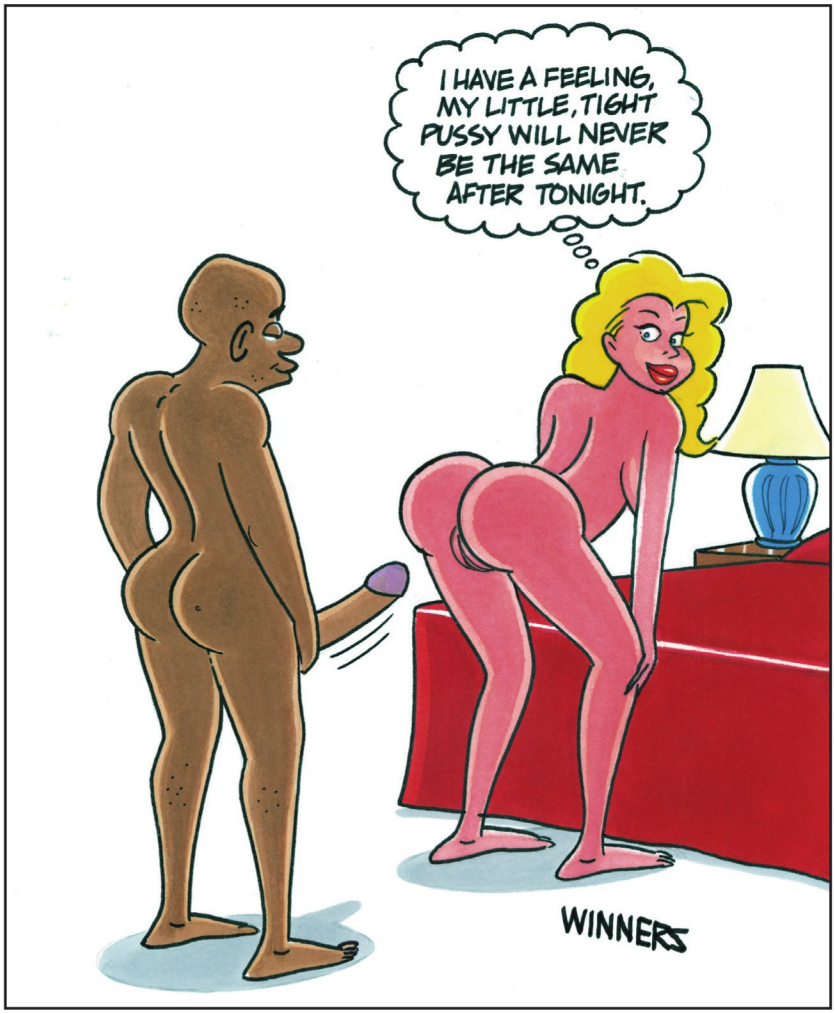
"Looks like you might have to wear some extra makeup tonight to cover up those bruises, huh?" they taunted. Rita had to learn fast. Now she's a pro with a 6-4 record. She won a fight at the Playboy Mansion (televised on ESPN), has been featured on *Entertainment Tonight* and trains with Freddy Roach, who trained Mike Tyson and currently coaches featherweight champion Manny "The Pacman" Pacquiao.

"Winning is like abstaining from all physical pleasures for two months and then having the biggest, best orgasm ever!" Rita exclaims. "When they start announcing, and when they say your name, it's like so much release. So much joy."

Losing, however, is like having the thing you most love taken away from you. Rita describes being knocked out as "having someone turn the lights off." Her nose has been broken several times; the last time, she had to have it surgically fixed. "Losing is humiliating," she says. "I get depressed. I cry. I mourn and go through the fight a million times in my head. And I pig out, eating pizza and hot fudge sundaes every night until I



"Jenny still has real tits! Jenny still has real tits!..."



just get disgusted with myself. Then I go back to the gym and start training again."

Rita has a beautiful, powerful female physique. She's been criticized for wearing tight half-shirts and leggings at the gym, but it's part of who she is. Judging her fight game, she has no need for apologies. She even sparred with Muhammad Ali's youngest daughter, Laila. She was the only one in her gym brave enough to do it. One of Rita's current sparring partners is Paula Cortez.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, women make more money than men when they first go pro. They get around $200 a round for a four- to six-round fight. Why? There are fewer women fighters splitting the money. Rita can make a living through pro fighting, but continues training people on the side. She also does some background work for films and TV when they need a girl on a bag. But on a higher level, the men earn bigger purses.

Laila Ali is the exception. At 168 pounds, she is the Super Middleweight Champion and the most renowned female boxer in the world. Laila cleans up with endorsement deals and television appearances, pushing her income up into the millions.

Hitting someone can be difficult at first. I still fight the urge to apologize after connecting a solid punch. I've suffered headaches after a particularly hard right to my head. I'm still taking the punches, but at least I'm seeing them! And, most importantly, I'm punching back! Moving my head, keeping my body angled so when the time comes, I can torque to throw a big right. I'm starting to feel more comfortable. I don't get beat up as much and am even starting to gain a composure that eluded me when I first stepped into the ring.

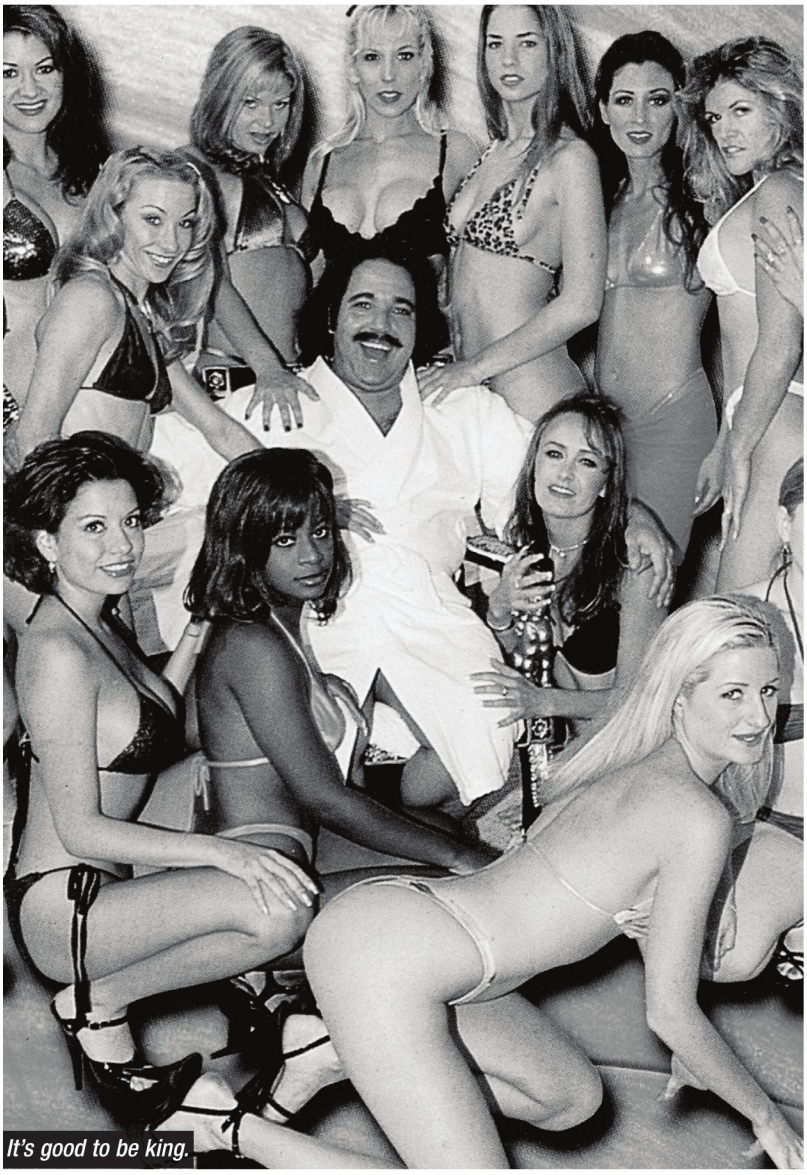
Boxing is a sport that is also a therapy of sorts. For women like Susan, Rita and myself, it's both a metaphor and a lifestyle. Doing it is a symbol of overcoming adversity, an aggressive expression that's sexual, emotional and spiritual. I almost think it was designed for women like us who have lots of pent-up energy without healthy outlets. If we didn't box, we'd most likely do self-destructive things—drinking, drugs, overeating or getting into street fights.

I still have much more to learn and get used to before even thinking about my first amateur fight. I plan to compete in my first tournament, the Golden Gloves…if I'm ready.

At least the determination is there. Some may say I have lots of nerve calling myself a boxer at this stage, but in my heart and soul, that's what I'm training to be.

New Jersey native Jill Morley—whose short, Eye Poppin, premiered at 2006's AFI Film Festival in Los Angeles—also directed the documentary Stripped (see page 58) and is currently shooting Ring Girls, a firsthand look at female boxing. Besides contributing short stories to anthologies like Everything You Know About Sex Is Wrong, Morley has written for Penthouse, The Village Voice, Gear Magazine, the New York Press and other publications. Her play, True Confessions of a Go-Go Girl, was published in Women Playwrights: Best Plays of 1998 and is in development for a Lifetime movie of the week. The filmmaker/wordsmith is online at JillMorley.com.

"Go ahead...laugh....But if we don't go fight them over there,
we'll have to fight them here!"



It's good to be king.

Tempting but...

Marilyn Chambers

Off to the pokey with Sheriff Ron.

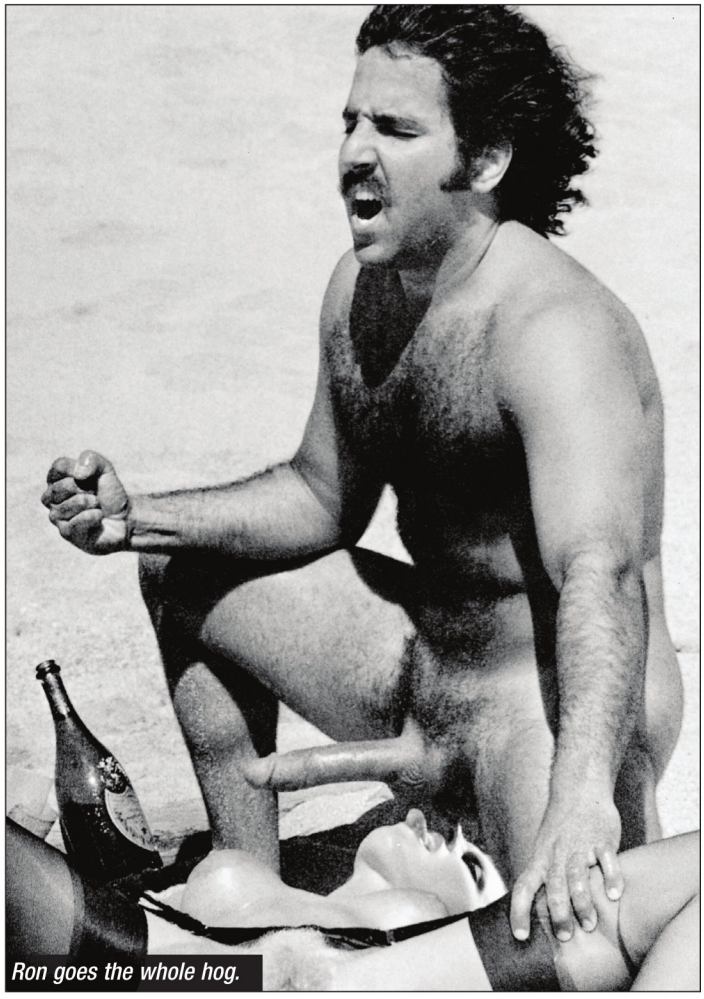
Whatever floats your boat. Aye, ladies?

Man, that's a mouthful.

BOOK REVIEW BY
K.K. Le Roque

The History of the HEDGEHOG

PORN'S MOST STALWART PERFORMER LOOKS BACK AT THREE DECADES IN THE BIZ


Ron goes the whole hog.

RON JEREMY HAS FUCKED every single woman we have ever fantasized about—and thousands more. Somehow, this hirsute, rotund wretch has been able to flourish and survive in the world of adult entertainment to become one of its biggest stars.

But how did the wannabe mainstream actor and failed Catskills comedian Ron Hyatt (Jeremy is his middle name), a nice Jewish boy from Bayside, Queens, become the recognizable figure he is today? In his new autobiography, *The Hardest (Working) Man In Showbiz*, Jeremy chronicles his own climb to the top of the ladder as the clown prince of porn. Here are some notable excerpts:

On his member: I have a policy—if a girl wants to see my penis, she first has to show me her tits. Just ask Paris Hilton or Traci Bingham.

On Viagra: I don't know why the idea of Viagra bugs me so much. I guess it's because I consider it cheating. Most male porn stars today use some form of Viagra or VigRX or ExtenZe, but I'll never touch the stuff. The minute I need a pill to get wood, I'm going to retire from the business.

On starting out: When the October 1978 issue of *Playgirl* [featuring Ron Jeremy] came out, I went to the nearest newsstand and bought two dozen copies. The salesman looked at me like I was some kind of pervert. He probably thought that I was gay, and very, very lonely.

On his first film: I was already having second thoughts. When the producers gave me the address for today's shoot, I had expected it to be a studio warehouse, or at least something that passed for a proper movie set. Instead, it was at a town house in lower Manhattan, which had been loaned to the producers just for the weekend. It all seemed too amateurish, like a student film that was operating on a limited or nonexistent budget. I wondered if it was too late to make a break for it.

On his nickname, "The Hedgehog": When I walked out of the shower, feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, Bill Margold was waiting for me, along with Seka and a few of the other actors. He took one look at me and burst out laughing. "What's so goddamn funny?" I asked him.

"Will you look at this guy," he said to the others. "He's all pink and furry, like a little hedgehog."

On doing Marilyn Chambers: I got a call from a photographer for *Chic* [a onetime Larry Flynt skin magazine] who asked if I was interested in doing a photo-shoot with Marilyn Chambers for a new book. I nearly crapped my pants. This wasn't just another job: It was the chance to work with a legend.

The next day at the studio, I had butterflies in my stomach. When Marilyn waltzed in the room, naked as the day she was born, I nearly blacked out. The shoot was soft-core, meaning there wasn't any actual penetration. We were supposed to SIMULATE sex, but the moment I crawled onto the bed with Marilyn, I got a whopping boner that wouldn't go away. "Oh, come on, Ron," yelled the photographer. "Hide it behind her leg or something."

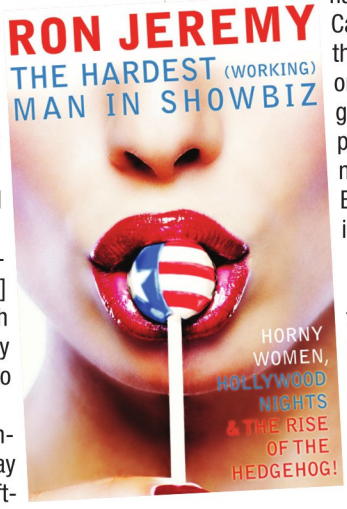
"I'll try," I told him.

"We can't shoot anything until you get that thing out of the way."

"I'm doing what I can."

"I have an idea," Marilyn said. She had a mischievous grin on her face, "You can hide it right here." Boom, right in the vagina.

On sucking his own cock: Very few people believe me when I tell them I don't enjoy blowing myself, but it's true. Conventional wisdom has it that self-fellatio is every guy's dream. As George Carlin once observed, "If I could reach, I'd never leave the house." And sure, it sounds like a good idea in theory. But when you're actually doing it, unless you are gay or bisexual, it can be a profoundly disturbing experience. A part of me is thinking, "Hey, you've got a nice set of lips on your dick. That feels pretty good." But the other half is screaming, "Ron, there's a fucking dick in your mouth! Get it out! Get it out!!"



It doesn't matter if you are a die-hard Ron Jeremy fan or not. You know the guy and, in a way, sort of want to be him. *The Hardest (Working) Man In Showbiz* wavers between self-indulgent and self-effacing, but is overall an entertaining and sometimes lighthearted chronicle of one man's remarkable life. It's available at bookstores and HUSTLER Hollywood stores everywhere.

AUDREY BITONI, KIMBERLY FRANKLIN & BEN

TWO GIRLS FOR EVERY BOY

The threesome is the dream of every red-blooded American male. Even Brian Wilson wrote a song about it—sort of.

Sung to the tune of Jan & Dean's "Surf City"

Two girls for every boy.

This guy meets these two chicks, and he's
getting a woody. (Sex City, here they come!)
Takes them back to his hotel, knows he'll be
getting the booty. (Sex City, here they come!)
Right now they're making out, doing a sex show,
But in a couple of minutes they'll be ready to go.

He'll be getting four titties, 'cause it's two to one.
They'll be sharing his bone; guy's gonna have fun.
Well, it's such a pity that he's the lucky one.
Man, two hot chicks, we'd love to get some!

Two girls for every boy.

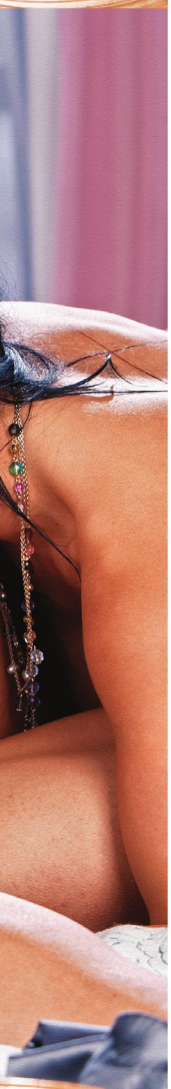
Those girls, they can ride it; damn, they sure do
know how to fuck. (Sex City, here they come!)
He's driving those chicks just like a super
Mack Truck. (Sex City, here they come!)
We wonder what it would take for us to replace
that schmuck.
Damn, both girls are like models;
oh, our zipper's stuck.
They're all gonna screw silly and have some fun.
They're all gonna fuck till it's time for some cum.

Two girls for every…two girls for every boy.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER

ENGLISH

See Audrey Bitoni (black bustier) enroll in *Barely Legal School Girls #3* and *Girls Playing With Girls* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



PART I

THE AVN REPORT

IN SEARCH OF LARRY FLYNT

Our Dazzling Roving Reporter Is Almost One of the Girls at Vegas's SeXXXiest Convention

VENI, VIDI, VICI. Don't know if I conquered the **2007 AVN Adult Entertainment Expo**, because I tell ya, the first hour walking around in platform heels was not the most comfortable thing in the world. For some reason, a lot of people were pulling me aside for photos. Even though I had press credentials, and I was on the trade show floor, they were thinking I was some porn star, which I didn't say yea or nay to. I got a few T-shirts here and there, did a few plugs, not even knowing what the company was. Got a couple of phone numbers from guys: I didn't really want them, but they gave them to me anyway.

I espied my friend Sinnamon Love, whom I hadn't seen in a few years, so I sauntered over to her booth to examine the crowd. There I was, watching her sign autographs when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see a middle-aged man dressed in a pimp suit: Sinnamon's manager.

"Do you want to be a *star?!*" he said in a tone reminiscent of the old *Saturday Night Live* Molly Shannon skits. "A *supahstar?!*"

How ironic. When I was in the industry years ago (as an exotic dancer and Internet model with my own pay site), I could barely get a producer to look at me. Now someone was propositioning me to be in a porno.

The guy, who reminded me strangely of my ex and was dressed like a New York pimp, leaned in closer. "I've been noticing you, and you are hot."

I smiled.

"How old are you?"

I told him my age. His eyes widened, and I could see dollar signs flashing behind them.

"You don't look it!" he gushed. "Do you want to make some good money?"

I thought of my previous technical support job at home that ditched me because I'd modeled for HUSTLER's *Real College Girls*, clearly an Equal Employment Opportunity Commission violation.

Nikki Nine and Sun Karma

Pink Visual dancer

Natasha Nice & Rebecca Linares

Memphis Monroe

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Natasha Nice

Rudolfo Bucacio's "Techno Lover" (FineArts-Exclusive.com)

Models should be protected like some different race and class, or at least model/actresses should. Despite my thinning pockets, I didn't think twice on this one, but I didn't want to tell the guy no right out.

"Really?" I asked, trying to feign interest.

He went in for the kill. "Sure, we could get you in a few films."

Just then, Sinnamon pulled up. "She's too smart for porn." This, coming from a porn star? Is she implying all porn stars are stupid? Wait…what?!

"She's a gothic/fetish model," my friend announced.

Just then, a bottom feeder slithered up beside me. Clad in a Megadeth T-shirt, with chops fit for a trailer-park king, he crooned to me loudly: "Do you know who I am? I am the top gothic photographer/filmmaker!"

These guys must be in cahoots, I thought.

"I would pay at least nine grand to see that movie!"

Okay. From zero to nine grand in under three seconds. Quite a feat.

Day 2: I arrived on the floor early. I was dressed down today, even showing a bit of tattoo. Despite that, I still got approached to take photos. I wanted to ask them who they thought I was, but decided to play into their fantasy instead. I was eager to finally meet Larry Flynt if I hung around long enough.

Cruising the floor I caught sight of a hot blonde and an equally stunning brunette wearing T-shirts that said: "Hookers for [fish symbol] Jesus." Hookers for Jesus? Were these chicks prostitutes? Sweet. I went over and talked to them.

"Are you girls hookers?"

The blonde—Annie Lobert, the founder of HookersForJesus.net—responded, "Yes, for Jesus."

Oooo-kaaaayyyy.

Lobert launched into this long diatribe about where the word *hooker* actually came from. Some propaganda about the fisherman in the Bible and the women on the shore who were first called hookers, but I really didn't listen. I was admiring the blond highlights in her hair. So were these chicks hooking or not?

"We came here to convert people to the Lord Jesus," Lobert told me.

I was reminded of the waitress's comments that morning when I flashed her the December '06 HUSTLER Magazine featuring my bare tits. "This is Vegas," she said. "The only thing that would seem odd is seeing a nun convention."

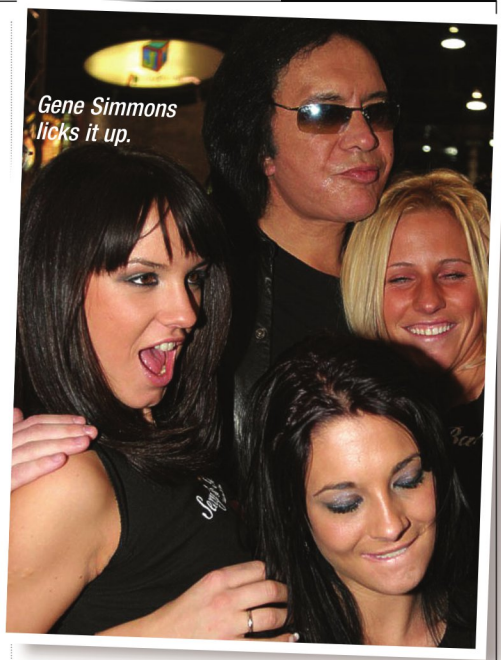
Why would anyone come to a porn convention to recruit people over to Jesus? Isn't it a lost cause? They must be secret sadists or something because the idea seemed simply ludicrous.

"Any takers?" I asked.

"Well, we don't actively try to pull people in," Lobert replied. "We merely represent that Jesus is here, and He loves you." If my head could spin around and I could projectile vomit at these chicks, I would have.

Out of the corner of my eye I caught a tall, lanky, bearded dude dressed in a long robe. "There's your pimp," I said. The two Hookers for Jesus smiled back. Normally, I would have challenged these girls and argued with them a bit. I love a challenge, and they seemed naïve enough to give in to me. But the combination of platform shoes and an empty stomach made me lightheaded. I smiled back.

"Let's take a photo together," Lobert suggested as her brunet sidekick remained silent.



Gene Simmons licks it up.

PHOTO BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

"Sure," I said. So I posed with the Hookers for Jesus. As I walked away from them, something in my head cautioned me not to look back. Like Lot's poor wife, I might have turned into a pillar of salt.

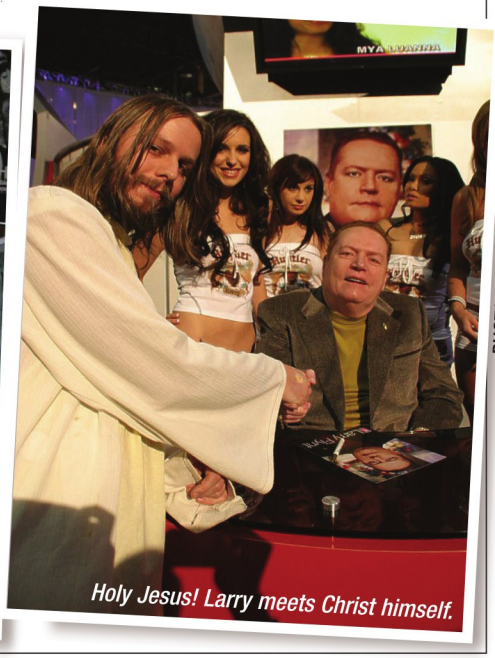
Making a game of my boredom, I started giving "awards" to people, like an "I Need a Real Job Because I Shouldn't Be in Porn" award and the "Tranny That Shouldn't Be Caught Dead in a Thong" award and the ever-so-popular "Too Much Botox and Restylane" award. Sure it was silly, but it helped me keep my sanity as I walked the floor for the hundredth time.

My award for "Biggest Pimp Daddy of the Year" went to Dennis Hof. I love that man. Nowhere will you find a bigger pimp than on HBO's *Cathouse*. I ran into him and his latest dupes—uh, girls—on *(continued on page 75)*

Left to right: Evelyn, Annie Lobert, Sun Karma and Millennium II Entertainment's D. Youngblood.

PHOTOS COURTESY SUN KARMA

Sinnamon Love



Holy Jesus! Larry meets Christ himself.

PHOTO BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

PART 2:

WE'RE All Adults HERE

By Keith Valcourt

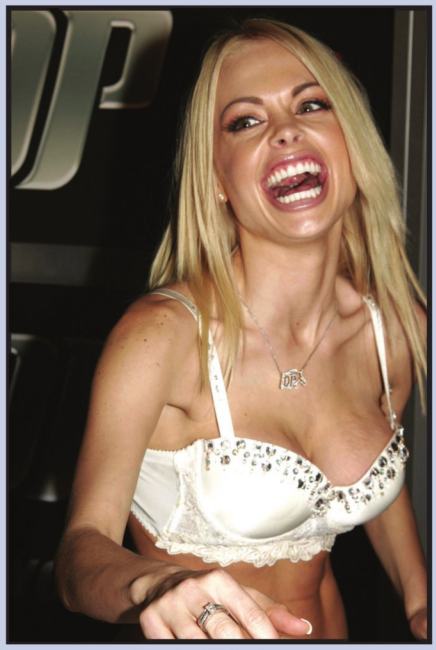
AS IT HAS BEEN IN THE PAST, HUSTLER was a presence to be reckoned with at this year's AVN Adult Entertainment Expo. Our leader, Larry Flynt, was all over the show floor with contract stars Memphis Monroe, Mya Luanna and Nikki Nine by his side. Thousands of fans swarmed the HUSTLER Video booth for a chance to meet the sexy ladies and get their autographs.

The annual conclave, held at Las Vegas's cavernous Sands Convention Center, attracted hundreds of the industry's top performers, notably superstars Tera Patrick and Jenna Jameson and knockouts Jenna Haze and Jesse Jane. The foxy ladies mixed and mingled in joyful madness with appreciative porn enthusiasts. Also on hand was a smattering of XXX legends (including Ron Jeremy and Seka), as well as celebrities Gene Simmons and Dustin Diamond, a/k/a Screech from *Saved by the Bell*.

It's not too early to make travel plans for next year's extravaganza in January 2008. And remember, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas…unless someone takes pictures.

See you there!

Jenna Haze



Jesse Jane

Jenna Jameson

Lanny Barby

Tera Patrick

Larry Flynt and (left to right) vid vixens Joanna Angel, Mya Luanna, Nikki Nine and Memphis Monroe.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

(continued from page 73)

the floor at AVN. When I snapped a photo of Dennis, he came over and asked, "So, what *are* you?" (I get sick of that question.)

"I'm a melting pot."

"Yeah, but what?"

So I took a deep breath and rattled off my lineage: African American, Caucasian, Spanish, Asian Indian and American Indian (Creek tribe).

Pink Visual diva

"Ahhhh," Hof sighed, "you look so exotic." I pictured myself as the latest cast member of *Cathouse*, and an evil smile emerged on my lips. "I think you are the biggest pimp." Dramatic pause. "But that's what I love about you!" I hugged him. He's cool.

If there was a class called Pimpology 101, this dude could teach it.

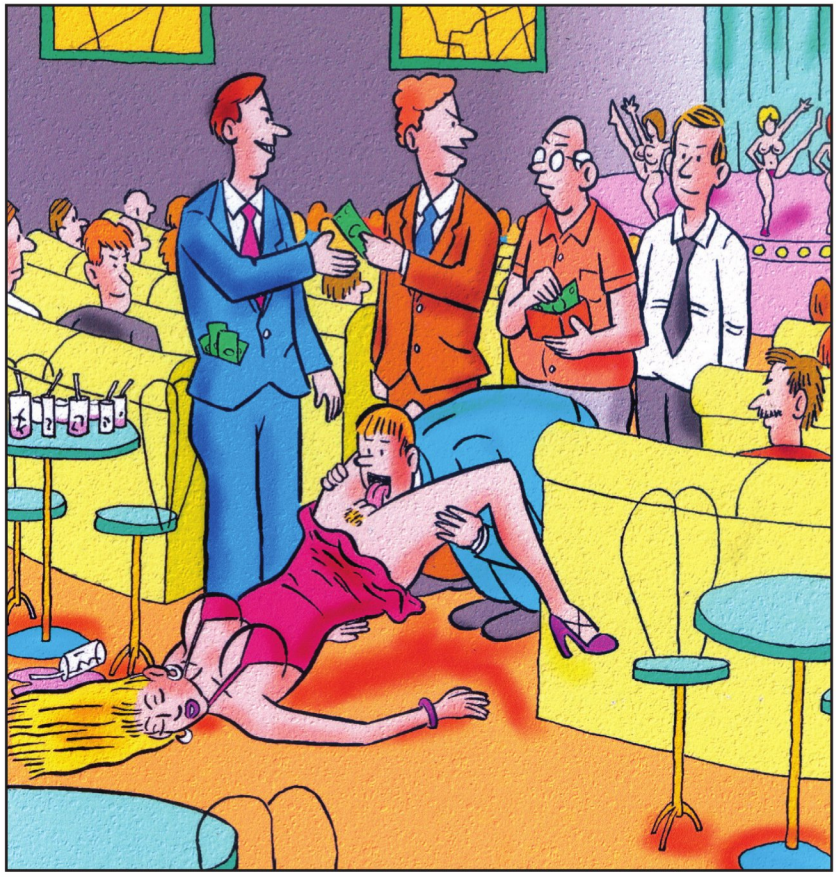
All of a sudden there was a flurry of flashing lights and people saying "Clear the way!" I couldn't see over the heads, so I just held my camera up in the air and snapped as fast as its little plastic body could tolerate. (Note to self: Fix digital camera!) Then I saw him: Gene Simmons. He was taping his reality show at the convention. How novel an idea (not). I wish I could've had a bit more interaction with him, but all I got were elbows. Caught a glimpse of Chris Angel (hot! hot! hot!) and considered stalking him before I caught a glimpse of a familiar blonde in red latex—my pal Aphrodite.

Aphrodite

I hooked up with the alluring dungeonmistress (AphroditeAndFriends.com) and her boyfriend/business partner, Paul Carson. As Aphrodite handed out cards, I was busy snapping photographs. Suddenly, Paul yelled, "There goes the mogul: Mr. Flynt!"

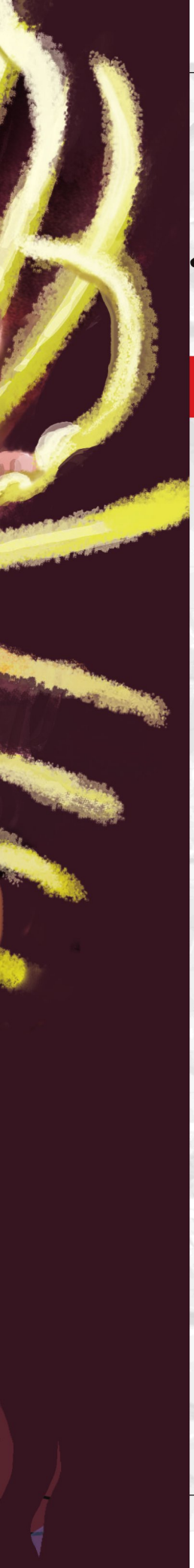
I spun around and frantically searched the crowd. "Where?" I asked. "Where is he?" I couldn't believe how hard it is to find a man in a wheelchair. You'd think Larry would have been easy to spot—either him or his bodyguards or someone! Paul pointed to a big dude in a black suit. All I saw was the back of the guy's head as he wheeled someone off the convention floor. Damn! I'm thinking of designing a T-shirt that reads: "I went to AVN, and all I got was this stupid T-shirt." Any takers?

"Whaddaya mean, you've seen bigger?!"



"This is the most entertaining Vegas show of all—eating out a drunken Britney Spears!"

TACI
VENOLA 07



WHY I HATE WOMEN

Porn Iconoclast Al Goldstein Skewers the Female of the Species

A woman's ability to draw us into a world of death and hell is not unlike the Venus's-flytrap that lures and captures flies. In the same way the grizzly bear is drawn to honey and the great white shark is drawn to human flesh, men are but clay that women can mold into any shape they want. This is something I cannot stand. Women are the ultimate puppeteers, and men are the Pinocchios of the world.

It is because of this that I hate most women. I also hate their arrogance, their desire to show every part of their anatomy to entice us, their erratic moods, their periods, their need to ridicule the male and their general drive to castrate, critique and control us.

That said, when I go down on a woman—which I have been doing for 56 years—I always have the same game plan. I close my eyes because I do not want to look at the vile, jagged hunks of flesh that protrude out of her hole. Any orifice of the human body that has the temerity to be on a calendar schedule and bleed monthly is no different from prostate cancer or toes afflicted with athlete's foot. Pussy is akin to a stinking armpit, so I close my eyes to avoid seeing a gaping, hair-filled opening.

I despise women because when trying to give one an orgasm, it's like climbing Mount Everest. Her clit plays hide-and-seek with your tongue, and your attempt to get her off is like being in a war zone, dodging the friendly fire of a tired jaw and pubic hair in your teeth. Compared to her pussy, her ass should be condemned to the ninth circle of hell. Her mouth is usually filled with yesterday's food and the many bacteria that have set up colonies there. The only real value for her piehole is to receive the offering of your cock and to splatter the inside of her larynx with your cum. If you look carefully down a woman's throat, you will see a little village of life with accordion players and a miniature Disneyland.

Women are not completely to blame. We, as men, carry some responsibility too. Men are in desperate need of pussy based on our genetic makeup. We are witless, mindless and merely a product of biology. Our cocks are like boats in a storm seeking a safe harbor of warm slit. Women who have the depth and sensitivity of a pincushion take advantage of the man's weakness, need and drive. This is merely an illusion and proves how wonderful women are at creating magic. Magicians use apparatus to create illusion. Women use sexual apparatus to ensnare us. I hate them because of their machinations and their very success in manipulating me to further their own selfish ends.

Why would I have married and given them all my money and homes were it not for my fantasy that they would make me happy, care for me and fulfill my needs? Was that ten-second ejaculation and 50-second blowjob worth the price I paid with my worldly riches?

Women do not need us as much because to them we are mere figments of their imagination. We are like a plaything that they want to strip bare before moving on. They do not take us seriously and only value our possessions. Look at me now—no money and no sex.

Another reason for my hatred is arguments. Men argue to make a point, whereas a woman argues to retain her power and mastery of *his* libido. The pussy that produced us is the same hole that owns us. A smart male baby would stay inside the womb and enjoy the warmth and security that it offers. But the male deludes himself, caveman that he is, and seeks to slay dinosaurs while discovering and conquering new worlds. And to do this, he leaves the mother's pussy.

The real reason I hate women is if you look between their legs, you don't see a masculine and virile edifice. What you see is something that looks like the bloody wound from an ax. The woman's hatred for us is wrapped around her penis envy and her desire to be us. The woman is incomplete and filled with the jealously of man's ability to lose himself in a football game.

All of my ex-wives and ex-girlfriends have been imbeciles and predators. They are the reason for my lot in life right now and the philosophies that I spew.

One wife was decades younger than me and had the brains of a tadpole. She was the worst cocksucker I ever had, although I did give her a few orgasms when I licked her clit. She was drawn to my power and sexual prowess, but when I went bankrupt, she abandoned me like weeds.

Another wife was an Irish cleaning woman. She stalked me on my TV show and was turned on by my fame. (Details of all these experiences, by the way, can be found in my autobiography—*I, Goldstein*—in stores now.) Although she blew me before the marriage, I suspect she was a lesbian. After the ceremony, we never had sex again. She got almost a million dollars.

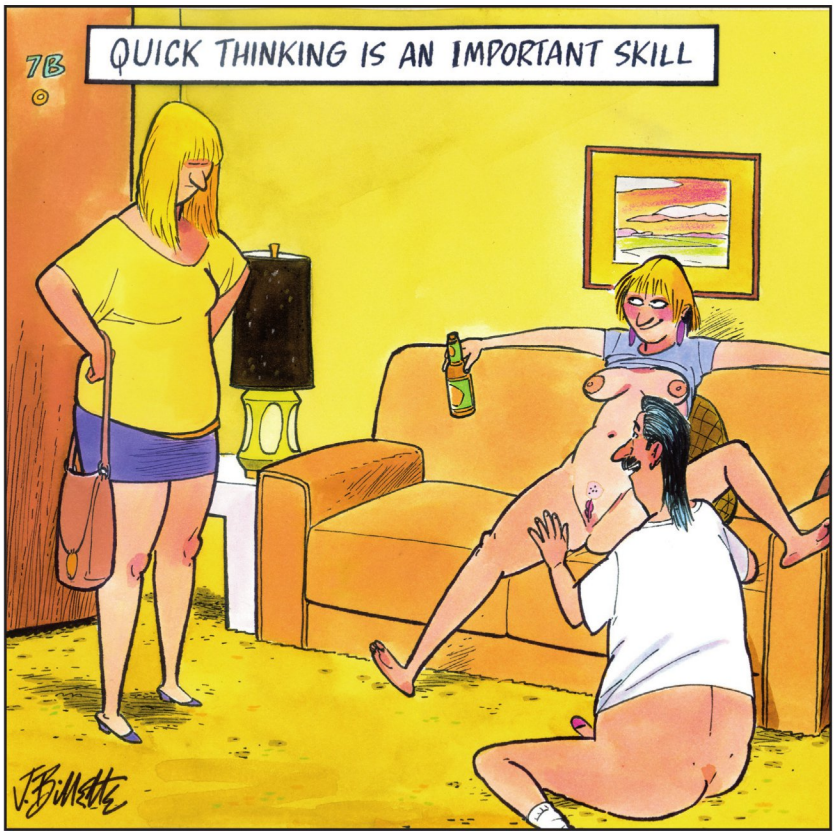
The mother of my son was a schoolteacher who hated me because I was a pornographer—a philosophy she imparted to my son. She got several million dollars.

Wife two was a Pan Am flight attendant who was a class act and deserved better than the likes of me.

At age 27 I embarked on my Columbus-like voyage of hatred toward women with a cowlike, deformed quasi-human. Our three-year relationship was like a trip on the *Titanic*. When we fucked, her gigantic boobs crushed my head, which I did not like. I am not a boob man.

A recent example of my hatred and repulsion toward women takes place in my book, and it is about a woman named Venus, a high-priced call girl who worked for Heidi Fleiss. She was drop-dead gorgeous, started hooking at age 18 and could earn four to ten thousand dollars a week. Her greatest gift to me was that she

ILLUSTRATION BY TRICI VENOLA



"Ah, there you are, hon! Your sister was nice enough to come by and give me a pussy-eating lesson to help me please you better!"

"An optimist would say your ass is *half full*."

would blow me for free on my birthday. I loved every crack and fold in her body, except that her tits were too big. Like she did with everything else in her life, she got carried away with implants.

When Ron Jeremy told her that I had written about her in my book and blog, she freaked out and called me. Venus screamed at me for revealing that she was a hooker, even though I didn't mention her real name. I tried to explain that as a journalist, the truth means something and that a newsman either betrays his friends or himself. I made nothing up about her, but was merely a mirror reflecting her life as best as I could. Venus may be ashamed of selling sex for money, but she is like every wife in America who willingly trades her body for a home and comfortable life.

You have read all of my words of bile toward the deadly female of the species. But why have I not become a faggot and abandoned these hairy collections of refuse? I have always argued that it takes a real man to suck cock, so why do I even frequent the company of women? Having children is a minimal use of their womb, because they may have Frankenstein-like offspring.

But occasionally, one runs into a woman who is like a goddess. For me, that woman was a B-movie scream queen with petite toes, lovely breasts, delectable ass. Her scrumptious pussy made her far more desirable than any man could hope to be. Our relationship was predicated on honesty. On our first date, at my Los Angeles apartment, I gave her $200. And being a good Jew, I negotiated a better deal while we were engaged. My first load was $200, but if I could come more than that, I paid only $100 per shot. There was total honesty and integrity in the relationship. I always got to pop some sperm; she'd swallow every drop and thank me for my delicious Jew juice. And she got what she wanted—cash.

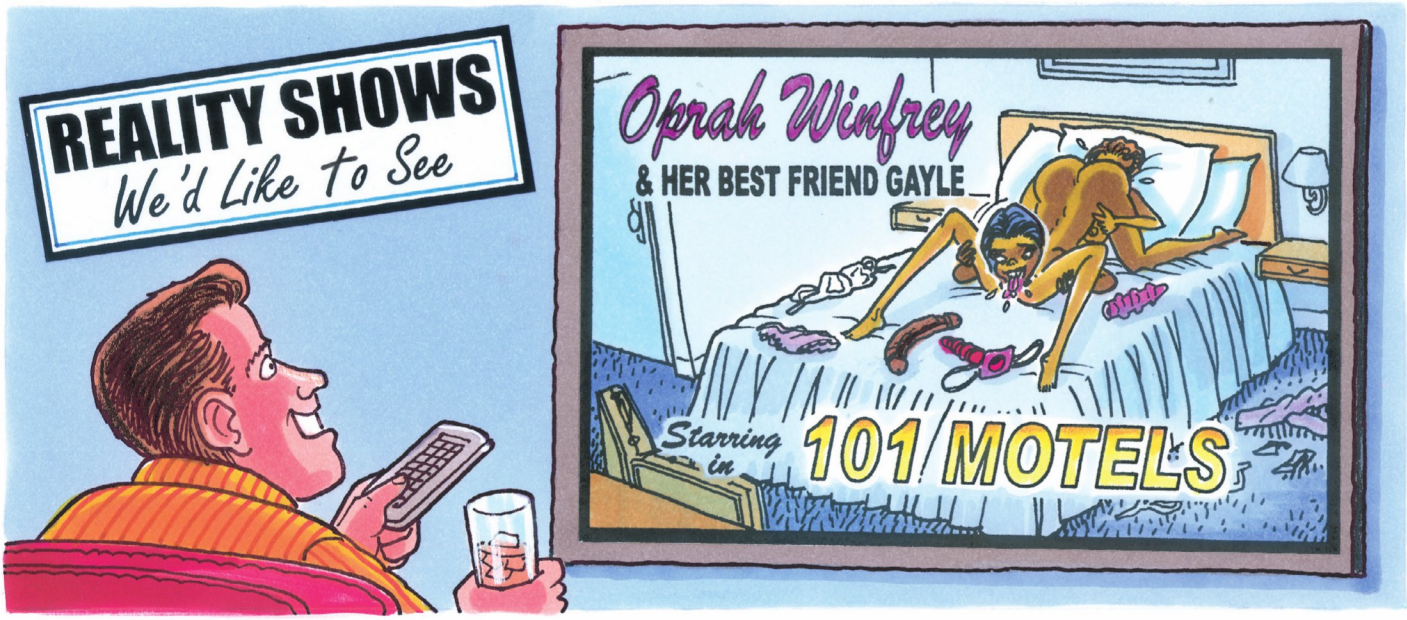
There is a famous parable about a scorpion riding a frog during a flood. In the middle of the flood the scorpion stings the frog, and they both drown. Before the frog dies, it croaks, "You fool, now both of us will die!" And the scorpion says, "I could not help myself; it is in my nature." It is in a woman's nature to crush, kill and destroy. It is also in my nature to hate. It's a perfect match, really.

P.S. What I most love about HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David is that 34 years ago, when I introduced him to the world of porn, not only did he become *Screw*'s finest editor, but he was also the world's ultimate misogynist. I was drawn to his reputation for throwing tiresome and aging girlfriends down eight flights of stairs. Bruce David was my Ted Williams and Babe Ruth without a bat. His disrespect and hatred for women were legendary in the men's field. Today he is a crumpled shell of what he once was. His beautiful blond wife has neutered him, and she has trained Bruce to use his litter box without a whimper or even an offensive stink. He has been so emasculated that Larry Flynt's next magazine, called *Cocksucker*, will be edited by Bruce.

Seventy-one-year-old Al Goldstein lives alone in Queens, New York. For more of the raconteur's ravings, pick up his autobiography, I, Goldstein, or read his blog at Booble.com. Al can be contacted at AlvinGoldstein@gmail.com and is especially receptive to offers of food, work or pussy.

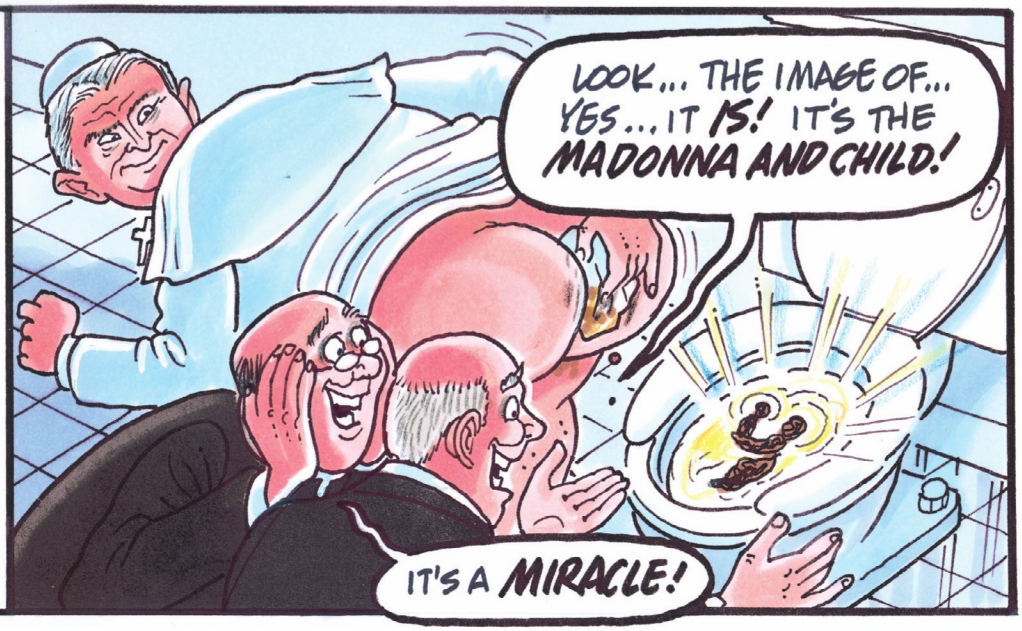
LORENZO SPERLONGA

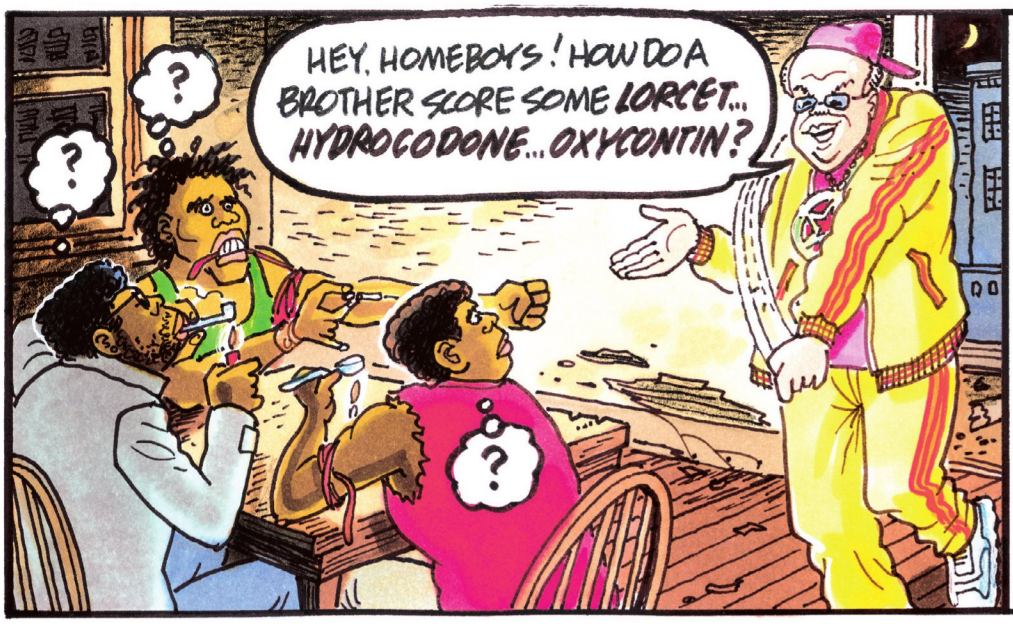
LorenzoSperlonga.com



Pope Poop

ATTEND EACH AND EVERY MEAL WITH POPE BENEDICT XVI AND EVEN JOIN HIM ON THOSE TRIPS TO THE HOLY THRONE, WHERE DIVINE EVENTS HAPPEN WITH SURPRISES AT EVERY TURN.



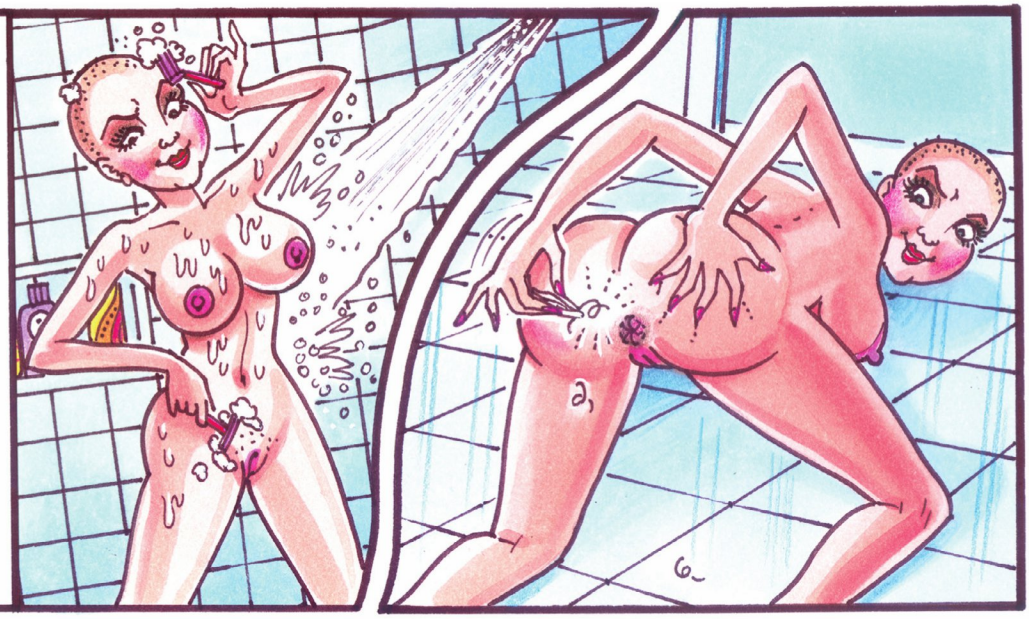


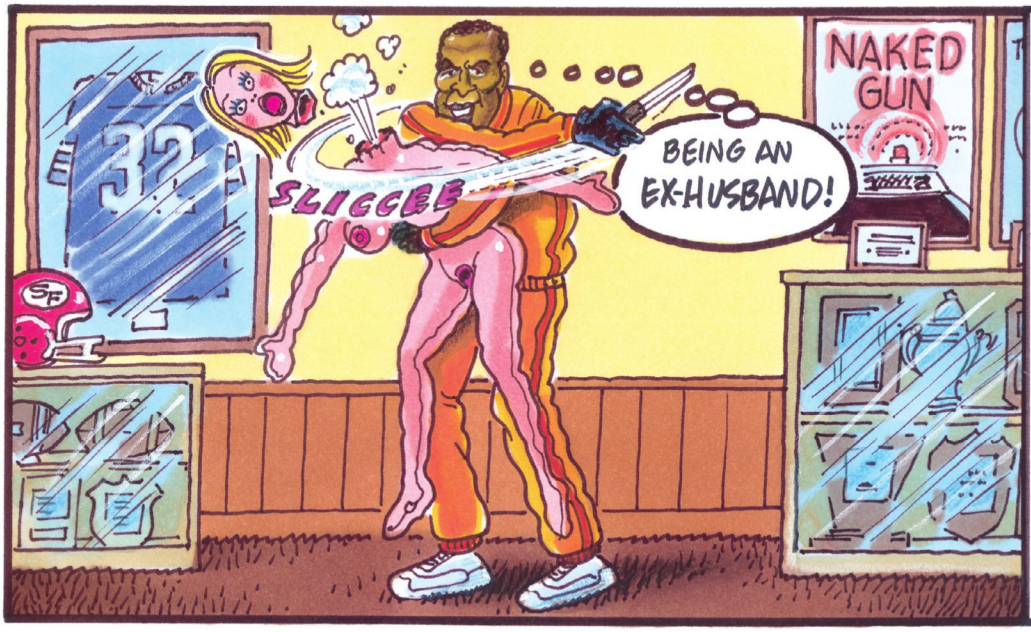
Rush AFTER DARK

PROWL THE STREETS OF THE CITY WITH RUSH LIMBAUGH, WHO (UNABLE TO GET PRE-SCRIPTIONS FOR HIS DRUG NEEDS) SHUCKS AND JIVES HIS WAY INTO THE WACKIEST DRUG HOUSES IN THE NATION!

Basic Brit

BRITNEY SPEARS... YOU'VE SEEN HER AS A MOUSEKETEER. YOU'VE SEEN HER AS A POP STAR. YOU'VE EVEN SEEN HER SNATCH. NOW SEE HER GET TOTALLY NAKED! NOT A HAIR ON HER... ANYWHERE!





BEING O.J.

JOIN THE JUICE AT HIS HOME FOR EVERY EPISODE AS HE REMINISCES AND RELIVES THE FINEST MOMENTS OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXCITING LIFE OF SPORTS, MOVIES, TV...

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 BARS

THE BUSH SISTERS, JENNA AND BARBARA, PLUS 80 OF THE WORLD'S WILDEST HOT SPOTS AND GALLONS OF ALCOHOL ADD UP TO THE LOOSEST REALITY SHOW EVER.

RENEE PEREZ

ALL-AMERICAN PINUP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

This Hispanic hottie made an impressive HUSTLER debut in a sizzling December '05 guy/girl pictorial, and now she's thrilled to be back by her lonesome. "That shoot was cool," Renee says, "but I'm glad to have this solo spread. Now guys can finally see *all* of me!"

How did such a fresh face end up in the skin biz? "Well, I love to have sex," she confides, "but I don't think of myself as really being in porn since I've only done some modeling with other girls and my then-boyfriend. I may do some hard-core films someday, but it's not a priority right now."

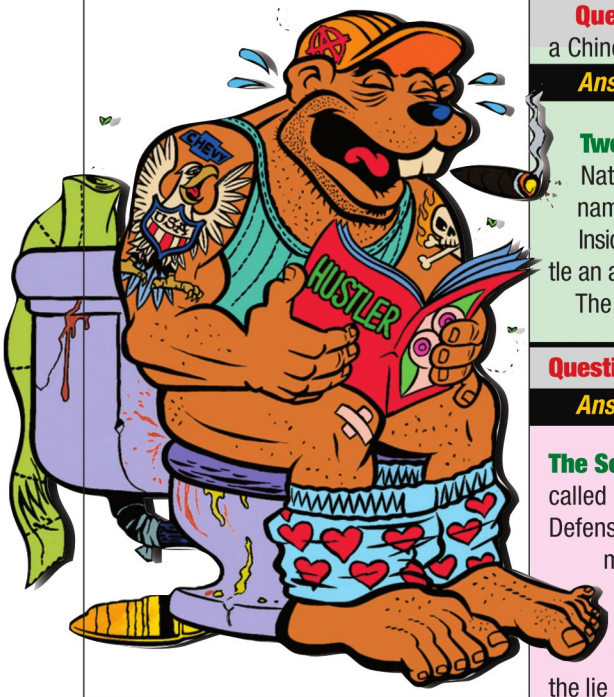
What does Renee look for in the bedroom? "I love a guy who is willing to kiss me all over, spending extra time on the pink parts," she reveals. "I also love to be romanced. Wine me and dine me, and you can do whatever you want after that. My sexual fantasies tend to change all the time, but I've always wanted to have sex on a blanket of red rose petals."

Despite her simmering looks and persona, Renee admits to being a bit of a jock. "I love softball, basketball, snowboarding and bowling. I'm very competitive." And musically inclined. "People are surprised when I tell them I play violin," Renee explains. "I love playing mine, but part of me wishes I'd learned guitar so I could be a rock star."

Apparently, being a nude-modeling star isn't the cutie's ultimate ambition. "It's good for now," Ms. Perez reckons, "but in the long run I would like to be a lawyer. I'm majoring in criminal justice at the Community College of Southern Nevada. In a perfect world I could do both. That would be a cool combo: adult model/attorney. That would look great on a business card." Of course, Renee already looks great naked in this mag.

RENEE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Henderson, NV
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: 120



Question: How do you pick up women in Baghdad?

Answer: With tweezers!

A zookeeper spotted a gaggle of scantily clad strippers throwing $10 bills into the elephant exhibit. "Why in the hell are you ladies doing that?" he croaked.

"The sign says it's okay," one of the ditzy divas chirped.

"No, it doesn't," the enraged zookeeper declared.

"Sure does!" the stripper exclaimed. "It says,'Do not feed—$10 fine.'"

Question: What is it called when a woman is paralyzed from the waist down?

Answer: Marriage.

Out inspecting the ranch he had bought as a weekend getaway, a city lawyer looked down at the ground to see that his feet were buried in the middle of a huge cowpie.

"Help me, help me!" he screamed to his wife.

"What is it?!" she hollered, running to her husband's rescue.

The attorney pointed to his feet and cried, "Honey, I think I'm melting!"

Question: Why do men wish women were more like hockey games?

Answer: Because in hockey games, periods last only 20 minutes.

Question: What's the perfect name for a baby with a Jewish mother and a Chinese father?

Answer: Cha-Ching!

Two Yankee tourists were driving through rural Louisiana. As they approached Natchitoches, the men started arguing about the pronunciation of the town's name, bickering until they stopped for lunch at a fast-food joint.

Inside, one of the tourists asked the blond cashier, "Before we order, could you settle an argument for us? Would you please pronounce, very slowly, where we are."

The blonde leaned over the counter and drawled, "Burrrrrrr-gurrrrrr Kingggg!"

Question: Did you hear about the abortion clinic exclusively for blondes?

Answer: There's a ten-month waiting list.

The Secretary of Defense, the Secretary of State and President Bush were all called upon by Congress to take lie-detector tests. First, the Secretary of Defense pronounced, "I think we can win the war in Iraq within the next six months." BUZZZZ, the lie detector sounded. "Okay, a year." BUZZZZZ. "Two years." BUZZZZZZZ. "All right, I don't know how long it will take!"

After the Secretary of State was hooked up to the machine, she said, "I believe the President has a firm handle on the situation in Iraq." BUZZZ, the lie detector sounded. "Okay, I think he understands how difficult—" BUZZZZ. "Actually, I don't think he knows anything about what's going on over there!"

Finally, it was President Bush's turn. "I think—" BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ.

Question: Did you hear about the hooker who was into bondage?

Answer: She was always strapped for cash.

GRAFFILTHY

There once was a priest from Kings,
Whose mind was on heavenly things.
But his heart was on fire
For this boy in the choir,
Whose ass was like jelly on springs.

Thanks and $50 go to Rebecca S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Let me put it this way, Leonard. The Earth didn't move."

MEET THE SMITHEREENS... AGAIN.

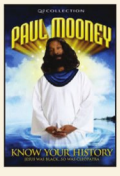
Formed in 1980, The Smithereens have delivered gold and platimum albums as well as a string of Top 40 radio hits, notably "A Girl Like You," "Blood & Roses," "House We Used to Live In," "Behind the Wall of Sleep" and "Too Much Passion." They have prevailed through all the ups, downs and changes in the music biz by remaining true to their distinctive blend of melodic classic rock. Pat DiNizio, Dennis Diken and Jim Babjak—pals since high school—continue to tour, playing 60-plus gigs a year. (Original bassist Mike Mesaros is on leave, with Severo "The Thrilla" Jornacion filling in.)

On their seventh studio album, *Meet the Smithereens*, the lads from New Jersey pay tribute to the lads from Liverpool by covering the Fab Four's debut album, *Meet the Beatles!* This loving tribute is painstakingly detailed, right down to cool, retro liner notes. The 12 tracks are familiar Beatles classics done with just the right pinch of Smithereens style. Music Editor Keith Valcourt sat down with drummer/band historian Dennis Diken to discuss the past, present and future of the band and to figure out what exactly a "Smithereen" is.

HUSTLER: How did you come to record *Meet the Smithereens*?

DENNIS DIKEN: We have always loved The Beatles—no secret there—and *Meet the Beatles!* is the album that started it all for any kid that was listening to pop music in the 1960s. Two years ago we played a Beatles fest—I think it was called "Abby Road on the River"—in Louisville, Kentucky. A promoter who we had worked with before was doing this show with a bunch of Beatles tribute bands from all over the

WHAT'S SO FUNNY? The Most Hilarious Comedy DVDs Out Now



PAUL MOONEY

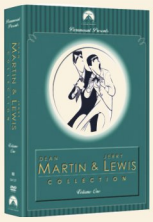
Know Your History—Jesus Was Black…So Was Cleopatra

Paul Mooney has written for everyone from Richard Pryor to Roseanne Barr and *In Living Color* (creating "Homie the Clown"). As a stand-up, he remains a strong voice of black self-awareness. This new DVD catches Mooney at the top of his game, riffing on everything from the "N" word to divas on drugs and the Christ Child himself.

THE PEE-WEE HERMAN SHOW

Live From the Sunset Strip's Roxy Theatre

Long before the hit kids show, successful movies and public masturbation, Paul Reubens created the character of Pee-wee Herman as part of L.A.-based The Groundlings. The improv group, which offered midnight shows at its own theater, ultimately moved to the Roxy. This DVD captures the uproarious and subversive stage show that evolved into *Pee-wee's Playhouse*.



MARTIN & LEWIS

Volume 1

In the 1950s the comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis was the top-earning act in showbiz. Collected here, the duo's first eight films are a reminder that Martin was the coolest guy ever and that Lewis was once much more than a bloated telethon host.

THE SIMPSONS

The Complete Ninth Season

Homer drinks crab juice. Apu gets married. Seymour Skinner is a fraud. Bart ruins Christmas. The trillion-dollar bill. Plus, Homer and Marge get caught having sex in the windmill on a miniature golf course. All these moments and more are captured on this DVD set of the longest-running and, for our money, funniest animated show in television history.

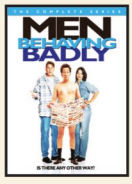
SCTV:

Volume 3

John Candy, Eugene Levy, Catherine O'Hara and Rick Moranis. Need we say more? *Second City Television* was Canada's answer to *Saturday Night Live*, and all the familiar characters are here, including Edith Prickley and Bob & Doug McKenzie. Plus, *Volume 3* features the debut of Martin Short as a cast member.

MEN BEHAVING BADLY

The Complete Series



Somewhere between a stint as the "Making Copies" dude on *Saturday Night Live* and the *Deuce Bigalow* flicks, Rob Schneider starred in this short-lived remake of a BBC sitcom. The complete series, whose cast included Justine Bateman (*Family Ties*), is now on DVD for the first time and definitely worth a second look.

world. It was a two- to three-day event with bands from Japan and Greece and so forth. He knew us as The Smithereens—an original band that played originals—but he had the concept of us coming in and playing a set of Beatles music. We thought it would be fun. When we played, it went over great, and that sort of planted the seed for us to do a Beatles cover record.

Then our singer Pat [DiNizio] saw an article in *American Heritage* magazine about 1964—the year that changed pop music—which further fueled the idea. I saw it as like every day in grammar school where I would rush home, throw down my books and play drums along with my favorite records. It turned out to be a lot of fun.

Why did you guys decide to cover this particular Beatles album?

It has always been my favorite Beatles album, and for the rest of the guys, as it turns out. For me as a drummer, I think the album *Meet the Beatles!* contains Ringo's best playing as a drummer. I also think it's the most realized combo playing that the band ever did. It was cut at the height of European "Beatlemania," and they were really coming into their own as a performing unit. They were also writing great songs. Some people may argue that The Beatles got better as they went along, but as a combo, I think it really came together on that record.

How have you guys stayed together after so many years?

We really don't have many other job skills. Playing is what we like to do. People still want to hear what we like to do, so consequently there is no reason not to do it.

What part does nostalgia play in what you do?

It plays a role, no doubt about it. A lot of our fans went to college in the 1980s, and we played a lot of colleges at that time. I know from meeting our fans that people have fallen in love to our music. It has gotten some fans through very hard times in their lives.

At the same time, some of those fans who knew our music from then never came to see [us] in the '80s and '90s. They come to see us for the first time when we hit their cities these days, and they are pleasantly surprised at our shows that we rock pretty hard and have the vitality that we do. So whereas nostalgia may be related to the songs, the live show still packs a real punch.

At the height of Smithereens fame, what was your fondest moment?

I guess one thing that comes to mind was getting to meet and work with Del Shannon, one of my heroes. He sang on the *Green Thoughts* album. We shared a microphone, singing a harmony part on the song "The World We Know." Actually being a music fan since my youth, loving the music of The Beach Boys and Beatles, and then being signed to Capitol Records, where we got gold records, was a dream-come-true.

What is a Smithereen?

A Smithereen is first and foremost a music fan who was able to follow their passion for music and make a good living by taking the original influences to create their own sound. A Smithereen is a member of an exclusive men's club where you get to play the music you love for people who appreciate it.

PHOTO BY JODY LEE THOMAS

The Smithereens: Dennis Diken, Pat DiNizio, Jim Babjak and Mike Mesaros

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

GILBY CLARK
Gilby Clark

The former Guns N' Roses axslinger's newest disc is not that new at all. It's a rerecorded greatest hits CD of Clark solo tracks released (we suppose) to capitalize on his newfound *Rock Star: Supernova* fame. It's a solid collection of great blues-rock jams.

RTX
Western Xterminator

Indie goddess Jennifer Herrema sounds like Janis Joplin after downing a cocktail of broken glass and battery acid…and that's a good thing. The latest from RTX (formerly Royal Trux) rocks so hard, it hurts. And that too is very good.

JESSE MALIN
Glitter in the Gutter

Neil Young's influence permeates the third solo release from former D-Generation frontman Malin. The brilliant disc features guests ranging from Bruce Springsteen to Ryan Adams and Josh Homme (Queens of the Stone Age). Being full of pathos and pain (not to mention a cover of The Replacements' "Bastards of the Young") makes this the perfect late-night breakup CD.

LUSCIOUS JACKSON
Greatest Hits

Discovered by the Beastie Boys (Kate used to be their drummer), the funky female foursome delivered several groovy pop gems in their all-too-brief history. This much-deserved "best of" collects the cream of the crop, including "Naked Eye," "City Song" and six bonus tracks.

TEDDYBEARS
Soft Machine

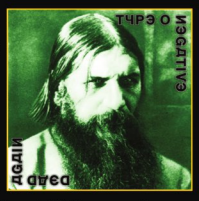
If you can get beyond the gimmicky fact that the band members hide their faces behind giant bear heads, then you'll realize this is a great album. The single "Punk Rocker," featuring Iggy Pop, was the most licensed track of 2006, heard on everything from *Grey's Anatomy* to a Cadillac commercial. Plus, Neneh Cherry makes a rare vocal appearance on "Yours to Keep."

NIGHT KILLS THE DAY
The Study of Man

Proudly wearing Joy Division's influence on their sleeves, this new band delivers some solid and dark synth pop. Just as good as the latest Interpol CD and ten times better than the last Killers disc, this promising debut is stuck in our CD player. *(continued on page 100)*

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

TYPE O NEGATIVE
Dead Again



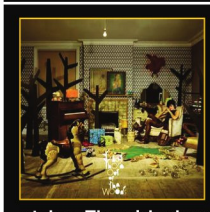
We are not going to say anything bad about the new Type O Negative CD, mainly because burly lead singer Peter Steele might kick our ass. We'll just say it's the same well-crafted, hard-hitting rock you expect, especially the cuts "Profits of Doom" and "Halloween in Heaven." And, Peter, the facial hair really works for you.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Plague Songs

These tunes were originally commissioned as part of an English art exhibit and are based on each of the biblical plagues. Brian Eno, Imogen Heap, Rufus Wainwright, Cody ChesnuTT and others deliver a diverse variety of sounds and styles on this surprisingly cool collection. Who knew a plague could be so hip?

SALIVA
Blood Stained Love Story

These multi-platinum rockers deliver homegrown rock 'n' roll peppered with power ballads that would make White Lion proud. If you dig bands like Nickelback and Godsmack, then you will not be disappointed.



TRACEY THORN
Out of the Woods

A new solo disc from the Everything But the Girl lead singer showcases Thorn's amazing vocal range while delivering a varied selection of styles. The girl whose voice haunted you on *Missing* is here in full control of her vocal prowess. This is the perfect CD for Sunday mornings and coastal drives. Highlights include "Grand Canyon" and "Here It Comes Again."

SHAW BLADES
Influence

Styx guitarist/singer Tommy Shaw re-teams up with Night Ranger frontman Jack Blades (they were in Damn Yankees together) to release a collection of their favorite covers. Hard to believe that songs like "California Dreaming" and Steely Dan's "Dirty Work" influenced the guys who created "Renegade" and "Sister Christian."

THE STRANGLERS
Suite XVI

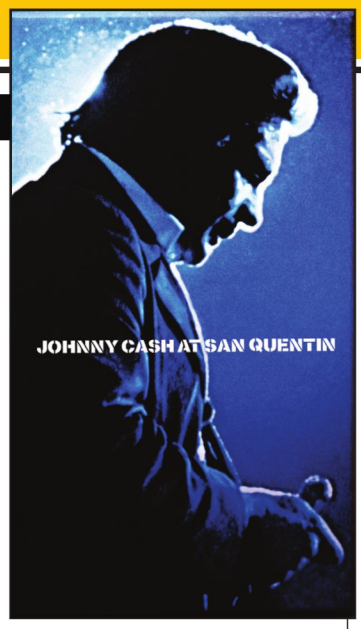
On the British punk forefathers' 16th CD (hence the title) all the danceable keyboard riffs, groove-ladened bass lines and solid guitar work are here, but something is missing. Tracks like "Spectre of Love" and "Unbroken" rock, but things seem a little bit off. Oh yeah, where is lead singer and guitarist Hugh Cornwell? Hugh, where did you go?

NEWS

CASH BARS

Johnny Cash at San Quentin

PHOTO BY JIM MARSHALL



The Man in Black's legendary 1969 California prison concert gets the deluxe treatment with this two-CD and one-DVD set. You can now witness the entire extravaganza from start to finish, including appearances by Carl Perkins and June Carter Cash. Also included are 13 unreleased bonus tracks and must-read liner notes. The man may be gone, but his music lives on.

THE CLASH CONTINUES

In the past two years the "only band that matters" has been enjoying some long-deserved respect. First, the punk pioneers were inducted into and given an exhibit at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. This was followed by the Sony/Legacy CD box set *The Clash: The Singles*. (It is a cool and detailed package offering CD re-creations of every single the band released.) Moreover, the film *Rude Boy*, featuring fantastic concert footage, was finally released on DVD.

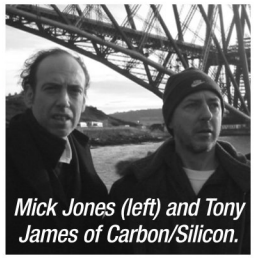
PHOTO BY HANAUER

The Clash circa 1983: (left to right) Topper Headon, Mick Jones, Paul Simonon and the late Joe Strummer.

Despite the unexpected death of Joe Strummer in 2002, The Clash is back and bigger than ever. While the surviving members could easily rest on their legacy, two of them are making new music in 2007. Guitarist/vocalist Mick Jones has teamed up with former Generation X and Sigue Sigue Sputnik ax-slinger Tony James to form Carbon/Silicon. The duo has now recorded two CDs worth of material titled *Western Front* and *A.T.O.M.*, both of which can be downloaded for free at the group's Web site, CarbonSiliconInc.com.

Bassist Paul Simonon is part of Blur and Gorillaz frontman Damon Albarn's latest band, The Good, the Bad & the Queen. Their self-titled Virgin Records debut was produced by Danger Mouse (of Gnarls Barkley) and features Verve guitarist Simon Tong and Africa 70 percussionist Tony Allen.

While neither outfit's current work matches up to the raw urgency and power of The Clash, they showcase both punkers' remarkable talents, reminding us why they were so important in the first place.



Mick Jones (left) and Tony James of Carbon/Silicon.

JEEZ!
WILL YOU TURN THAT GODDAMN HALO OFF!
Terry

Jessica Simpson, Ali Larter, Dominique Swain and Shakira

EVERYONE'S FAVORITE BLEACHED-BLOND POP TART, JESSICA SIMPSON, offers a scrumptious side shot of her right boob. The songstress (ha, ha—sorry, that makes us laugh) is seen here stepping out in New York City with her latest boy toy/singer/male bimbo (technically a "himbo"), John Mayer, lagging behind.

Ali Larter is new to the world of stardom, perhaps explaining why she chose to go braless while donning a clingy outfit at a Tinseltown premiere. The 30-year-old beauty, who stars as Niki on the hit NBC series *Heroes*, is captured showing off her true superpower: playfully perky nipples.

Young Hollywood starlet **Dominique Swain** appears in *Out of Season* and *Alpha Dog*. The thespian lets a fleeting areola greet the public during a night on the town.

Best known for her crossover hit "Hips Don't Lie," Latina superstar **Shakira** gives fans and paparazzi an eyeful as she steps out of a car. The only problem here is the sexy songbird is wearing panties. Obviously, Shakira didn't get **Britney Spears**'s fashion memo.

Got any revealing pics of a famous figure? Let us know by firing off an e-mail to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

FAMOUS FLESH

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Dominique Swain

Shakira

For the latest celebrity nip-slips, check out W17online.com.

Movie Mammaries

Oscar-Nominated Nipples

LIGHTS! CAMERAS! NUDITY! This year's crop of Academy Award-nominated actresses has often bared all on the silver screen.

Little Children star **Kate Winslet** is no stranger to Oscar nominations. Lucky for us, the *Titanic* temptress is also no stranger to letting it all hang out on film. The curvaceous cutie's impressive body of work starts in 1994 with topless tub time in *Heavenly Creatures*. Two years later the English lass lets us see her bush, boobs and ass in *Jude*. If you enjoy hairy beaver hunts, then this is a must-see. Ms. Winslet became a household name for her work in the James Cameron megaepic *Titanic* opposite **Leonardo DiCaprio**. That movie is worth a second look if only for the nude posing she does for lucky **Leo** the painter. For more topless time check out the barely seen *Hideous Kinky* (1998) and *Holy Smoke* (1999), which will have you saying "holy mackerel," due to more bush exposure and even a tantalizing tinkle from the classically trained actress. If you still haven't had enough of Kate, then rent the otherwise ultra-depressing *Iris* (2001) for some skinny-dipping and mound-mashing memories.

Penélope Cruz may have gotten raves for *Volver*, but we're more interested in some earlier movies, which offer an extended eyeful of her awesome areolas. Start with the Spanish-language flicks *Jamón, jamón* (1992), *Abre los ojos* (a/k/a *Open Your Eyes*, 1997), *La Nina de tus ojos* (1998) and *Volavérunt* (1999). Her ass is clearly displayed in her breakout role, 2000's *Woman on Top*. Finally, view her big-screen

KATE WINSLET: JUDE

TITANIC

Rent These NOW!

JUDI DENCH: LANGRISHE

HELEN MIRREN: AGE OF CONSENT

PENÉLOPE CRUZ: ABRE LOS OJOS

MERYL STREEP: SILKWOOD

turns in *Vanilla Sky* (opposite Cruz's onetime "love interest" **Tom Cruise**), *Captain Corelli's Mandolin* with **Nicholas Cage** (we would so do her, even with the armpit hair) and *Don't Move* (2004). All three of these big-budget movies offer terrific shots of **Penélope**'s tits.

Forget multiple-Oscar winner **Meryl Streep**'s portrayal of a famous fashionista in *The Devil Wears Prada* and check out scenes from the gritty anti-nuclear power drama *Silkwood* (1983), in which the serious actress strips down for a decontamination shower. We may not be able to subtitle this film "The Actress Wears Nothing," but at least you get to see her lovely breasts.

Cate Blanchett won the Best Supporting Actress Oscar for playing Katharine Hepburn opposite **Leonardo DiCaprio**'s Howard Hughes in 2004's Best Picture nominee, *The Aviator*, and won praise again this year for her work in *Notes on a Scandal*. The chameleon-like Cate is known for transforming herself into diverse characters. However, our favorite flicks are the ones in which she transforms herself from fully dressed into bare-ass naked. Check out the regal drama *Elizabeth* (1998) to get a nice peek at young **Cate**'s porcelain peaks.

Remember, ladies: Whether you win an award or not, performing nude makes any film more interesting. Besides, it's just an honor to be nominated for HUSTLER's *Movie Mammaries*.

CATE BLANCHETT: ELIZABETH

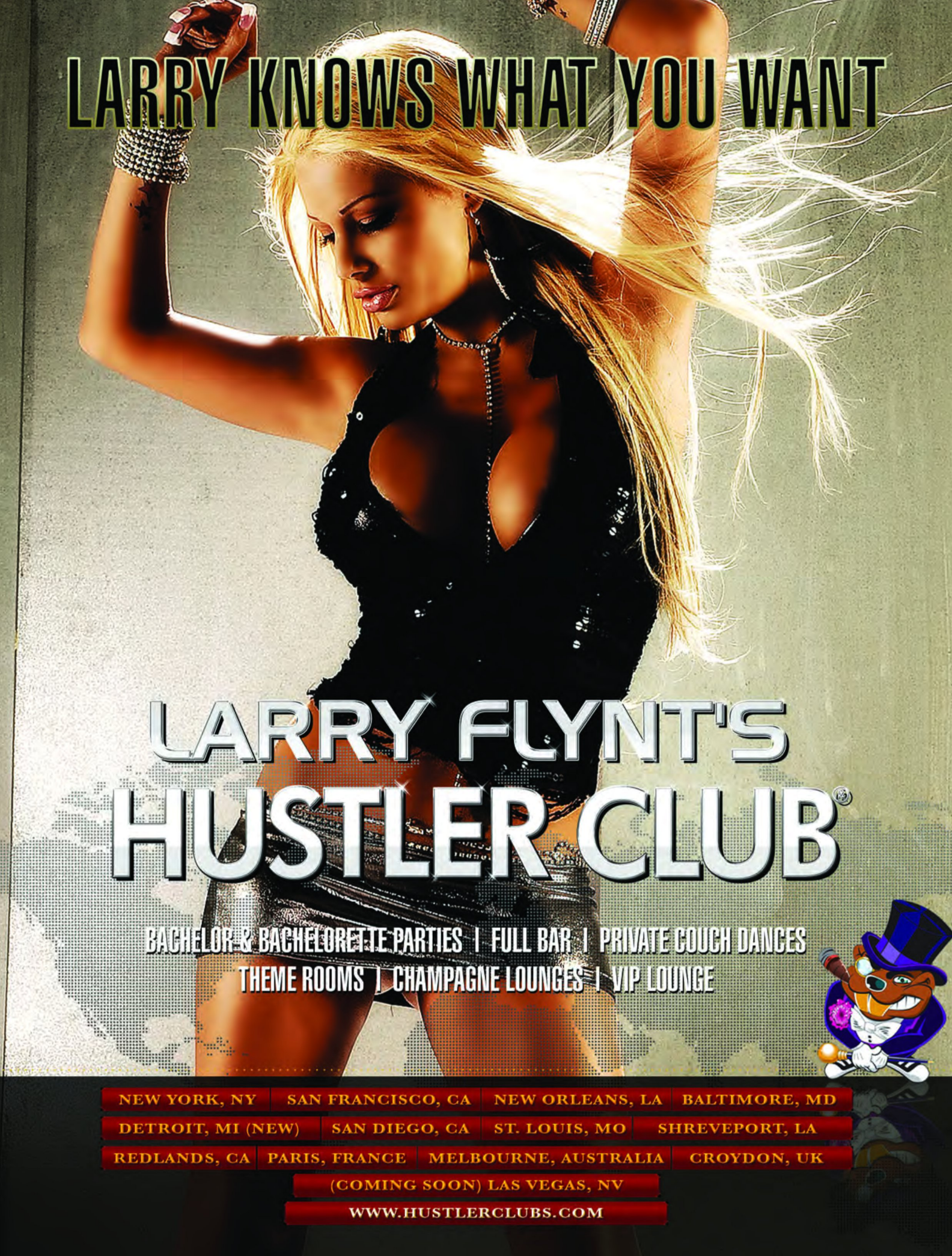
The Golden Globes of Two Golden Oldies

ROYAL DECEIT

WE ARE SHOCKED TO DISCOVER that the two Grande Dames in this year's Oscar race have a history of nudity on the silver screen. Equally shocking, we really want to see these English actresses in the buff. Seventysomething **Dame Judi Dench** struck Oscar gold in 1999 for *Shakespeare in Love* and has been nominated four other times, including this year, for *Notes on a Scandal*. She also has a recurring role as 007's spymaster, M, in the James Bond flicks. But back in the day, Judi went topless for a 1968 black-and-white screen adaptation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was a much older (and meatier) Dench who again bared it all in the 1978 art flick *Langrishe Go Down*.

A three-time Oscar contender, **Dame Helen Mirren** won accolades this year for *The Queen*. The 62-year-old **Mirren** has bared all as recently as 2005 in *Shadowboxer*, and in the 2003 productions *Calendar Girls* and *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*. In *Shadowboxer* Mirren plays Cuba Gooding Jr.'s mother/lover. (We kid you not.) Check out Mirren's earlier work for examples of her true talents, including 1994's *Royal Deceit* (offering an eyeful of her bountiful bush), 1987's *Cause célèbre* and our favorite, 1969's *Age of Consent*. This Australian art house gem showcases a young and nubile Mirren in a "Full Monty" day at the beach. Mirren, who is still taking it off, joked about going au naturel during her recent *60 Minutes* interview, inviting 75-year-old correspondent Morley Safer to strip onscreen. Happily, he declined.

We hope you enjoyed these film suggestions. Do yourself a favor, run out and rent these DVDs today. Remember, every month HUSTLER brings you the best in famous flesh. Let us know what you think at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.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LARRY FLYNT'S
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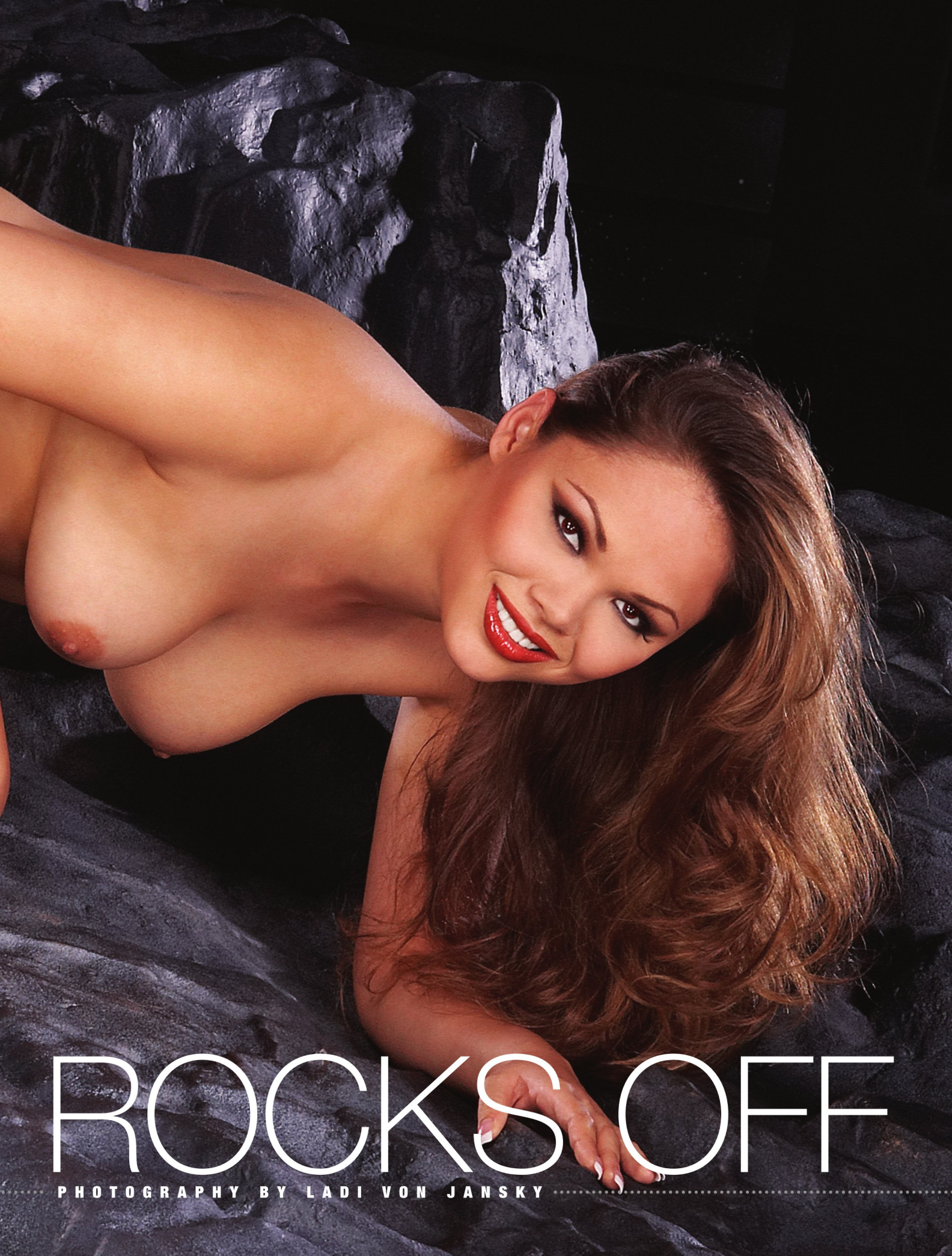


ROCKS OFF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

I have a hard time talking about myself," coos the demure Shay Jordan. "I'm kind of quiet, and I feel that a woman who talks too much is unattractive." Wow, she's perfect! "I want to say that doing this shoot was by far the coolest thing I've done so far in porn. Everyone was great, and it's a dream-come-true to be in my favorite magazine: HUSTLER!"

Getting the exotic creature to shed her clothes was a breeze, and she's up for shedding light on her private life as well, starting in the kitchen. "I love to cook," Shay reports. "Everyone always says that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and I agree with that somewhat." Laughing, the doll also tosses out, "Of course, I know that giving good head doesn't hurt either."

So Shay isn't so shy when it comes to talking about sex. "Are you kidding me?!" she roars. "No way! Sex is one of the best things you can have in life. I love to have it all the time. I'm also an equal-opportunity enjoyer. I love a guy with a nice, hard cock, big hands and a tasty tongue. I'm also very bi, and I like a woman with a moist mound and a hungry mouth. The main thing with either is they have to be givers. I'm a giver."

SHAY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: San Diego
AGE: 22
BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio
HEIGHT: 5-7
WEIGHT: 112
MEASUREMENTS: 34C-28-30

See Shay go all the way in *Deep Inside Joanna Angel* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Does the 22-year-old Californian want to be more than just fine eye candy? “That’s a good question,” Jordan surmises, “because I’m an ambitious girl who always thinks about the future. I would love to open a hotel/restaurant. That is, of course, after my adult antics wind down. Right now I’m making a lot of porn movies and posing nude for magazines. It keeps me very busy. Plus, the money is supercool. So maybe after I get old and ugly, I can invest all my money in a really cool café.”

"You're homely, overweight and a virgin. You'll have a great career as a feminist."

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

YALE'S NAKED PARTIES

David Thier takes a peek at unclad revelry.

PHOTO BY FRED NEWMAN

A member of The Pundits, the merrymaking secret society that inaugurated Yale University's naked parties, holds forth on campus.

Naked parties aren't uncommon at Yale University. During the day we might be taking notes about "War and Peace in Theory and History," but at night we party in the raw. Naked parties are usually hosted by a secret society known as The Pundits, and they typically entail around 40 to 50 people. Every once in a while there's a full-on rager, with hundreds of naked kids drinking, dancing and gawking. Some shindigs have themes, particularly Halloween, when nude vampiresses slapped with red paint majestically turn up. Or Cowboys and Indians, where revelers are encouraged to wear feathered headdresses or leather chaps, but jeans are banned.

Nobody attends a naked party simply to wear a cowboy hat. People come because they want to ogle the opposite sex, can't control their curiosity or just fucking hate clothes. But anyone expecting a Romanesque orgy (without togas) will be disappointed.

A naked party at Yale is like any other group get-together, except for one difference. You'll see classmates from your bio seminar, or from down the hall or even the girl you hooked up with the other week, all in the buff. Everyone hobnobs and dances, and there's an occasional whiff of weed. Some people might be acting more intellectual and "normal" than usual, but that's just to prove that they don't feel weird. If Nietzsche is coming out of a guy's mouth, you can bet that tits are on his brain.

But naked parties aren't about false pretenses. After an hour or so, even the most nervous types are loose enough to check out how everyone shaves, and which guys are packing heat. There are always rumors about a few guys to watch out for at a naked party. Owners of big cocks become celebrities, and these blessed individuals shouldn't be surprised to be drawing awkward downward glances and the occasional wide-eyed stare.

Looking is all you're supposed to do, though, because intimate liaisons are strictly forbidden. A Pundit wanders around, trying to deter couples from sliding into a secluded place where they don't belong. According to one such Pundit: "If excessive kissing or groping happens, the offenders are separated with a dirty 18-inch dildo. There have been occasions when students have had to be physically separated during the act of sex. Naturally, kids still hook up."

When you get a bunch of naked guys and girls together, some of them are bound to put two and two together. At one patriotically themed party, no amount of dildo-whacking could separate a pair of star-spangled lovebirds as they played hide the salami. But your odds of getting down at a naked hullabaloo aren't any better than at a normal one—it just provides a better opportunity to see what you're getting into.

You might think that being nude is just halfway to fucking, but sporting wood at naked parties is a bad move. In a room with 50 unclothed college students, the guy who makes it clear he's open for business will ensure he doesn't get any customers. Liquor helps keep the little fella under control, but the only solid way to hold off nature is just to relax and enjoy the fact that you're at a party where everyone is naked.

Advice to fellow students: Don't be afraid to eyeball somebody who looks good, or feel weird around those who don't, or worry about which category you fall into. Naked parties are often touted for shattering social norms and liberating minds, but according to one Pundit, the idea is much more simple: "Yale students like going to naked parties because the parties are naked, and it's fun to be naked." Just feel the breeze on your balls, grab a drink and go nuts. And you may want to keep your stomach flexed. That girl with the big tits is looking at you.

David Thier is a sophomore at Yale University's Davenport College, whose course load includes environmental studies and acting. Besides reviewing video games and music, he writes feature articles for the arts and leisure section of the Yale Daily News. In Thier's free time, he plays squash and the banjo.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

PUMA SUEDE & CHRISTIAN
WI
V

LD WEST VILD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Howdy, pardners. Whoa Nelly, check out the headlights on this fine, little filly! She sure does get our Wranglers to stand up and take notice. Problem is, if you're like us, you don't talk so perdy when it comes to meetin' a lady. We wanna help, since y'all are kin. That's why we dug up a bunch of Old West slang terms that might come in handy when you try to wrangle up a down-home country lass.

★ Bach: To bachelor it or keep house without a woman's touch. Pronounced and sometimes spelled *batch*. (Not to be confused with *bitch*, which is what you are if you enjoy cleaning your own place.)

★ Bug Juice: Booze or firewater. (Perfect for getting a good ol' gal liquored up.)

★ Man for Breakfast: A murdered fella lying in the street at sunup. (Or what we call an a.m. blowjob.)
★ Fag: In cowboy lingo, to scram. (Which we always do when accidentally ending up in one of those bars.)

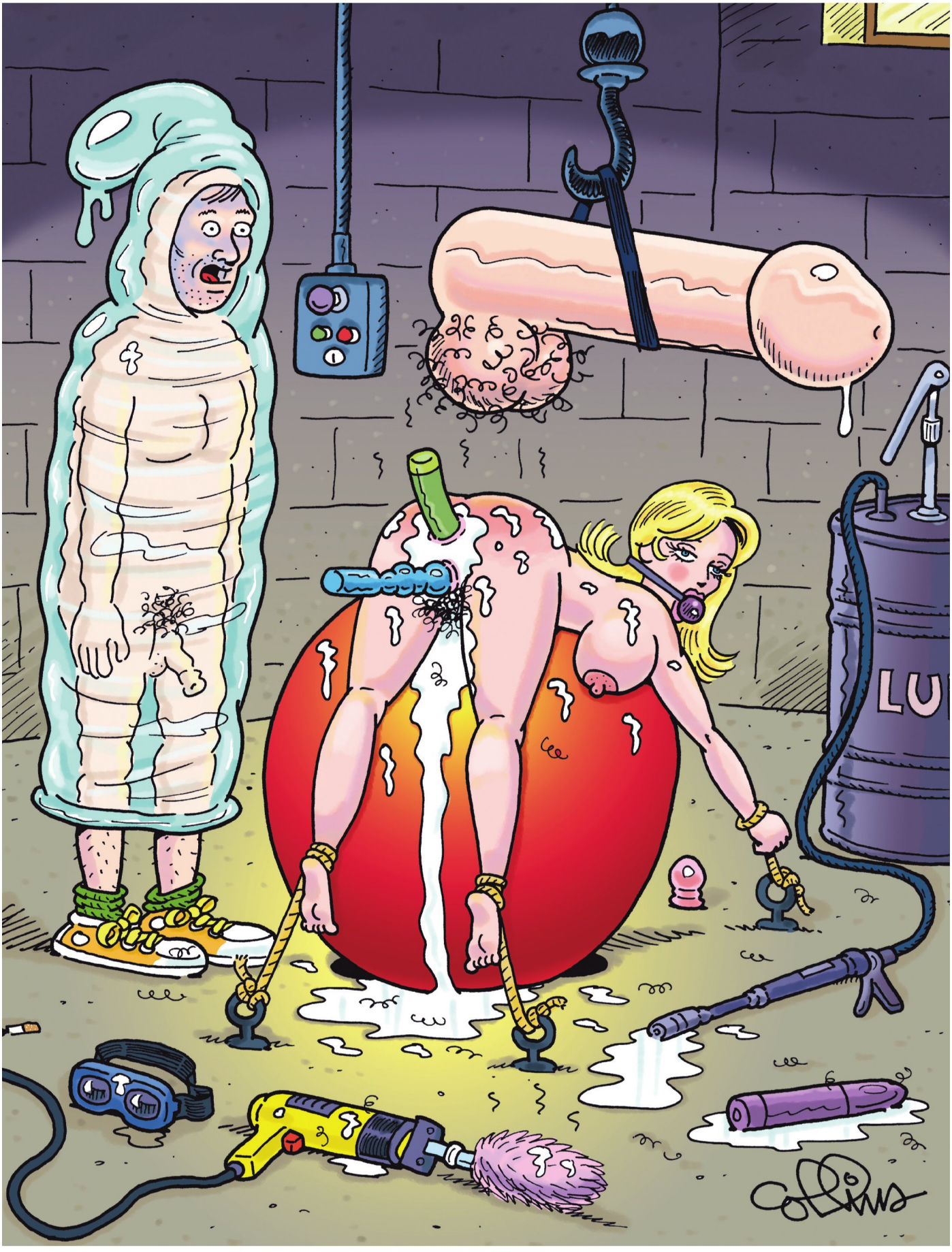
★ Pecker Pole: What a logger called a small tree or sapling. (What we call our massive redwood.)

★ Unshucked: Cowboy lingo for naked. An unshucked pistol is one removed from its holster.

★ Butt Log: The biggest log from a given tree. (Also what a "good" girl lets us do whenever we want.)

See Puma Suede handle a six-gun in *Busty Beauties #24* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Nothing gets us to unshuck *our* gun quicker than an unshucked lassie who knows her way around a pecker pole, loves to drink some bug juice and is willing to eat our "man for breakfast"—followed by a hearty session of her taking and enjoying the butt log.



"There are people out there who hate our freedoms, Sylvia.
They're called Republicans."

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Gaped Crusaders' Holly Wellin shows Jerry the batcave.

Dynamic duo: GC's Sierra Sinn and James Deen join forces.

Gaped Crusaders

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** VAN STYLES. **STARRING:** HOLLY WELLIN, MIKA TAN, JADA FIRE, NADIA STYLES, SIERRA SINN, MARK ASHLEY, MR. PETE, SASCHA, JERRY, MARK WOOD & JAMES DEEN.

My proctologist could learn a thing or two from watching *Gaped Crusaders*. Only a colonoscopy cam could make this Van Styles flick any more extreme. It's a little disappointing that the makers didn't indulge the title a little more (would it have been so hard to put the chicks in some Batgirl costumes and concoct a clash with an anally retentive villain?), but you'll forgive them when you get a gander at Holly Wellin and Sierra Sinn's cavernous gapes. The booty holes brought to the party by Mika Tan and Jada Fire may be less rubbery, but they make up for it with some fierce fuckings. And if historic significance is why you watch smut, take note: This is Nadia Styles's first of what's soon to be many D.P.'s. The brunet cutie has the time of her life during a 37-minute triple-reaming and vows to become a "D.P. whore." According to her pre-sex chat with Van, this may also be one of the last times we get to see Nadia's natural boobs. Will the giggly young babe reinvent herself as a bra-busting, no-holes-barred porn goddess? Judging by the way she goes all out in *Gaped Crusaders*, we may be seeing the birth of a superhero.

—Kevin Wright

Desperate Blackwives 2: *Sistas Kapri Styles and Ariel Alexus compare primal screams.*

***Desperate** no more: Nyomi Banxx does the Long snake moan.*

*Mr. Marcus meats **Desperate Blackwives'** Shi Reeves.*

Desperate Blackwives 2

METRO INTERACTIVE/AFRO-CENTRIC. DIRECTOR: ANTON SLAYER. STARRING: ANDRIENA, ARIEL ALEXUS, VIVICA COXX, NYOMI BANXX, KAPRI STYLES, SHI REEVES, MR. MARCUS, BYRON LONG & SLEDGEHAMMER.

If you missed the debut flick in this dusky series, don't worry, you won't be lost. Number 2 kicks off with tiny-titted housewife Andriena, who seems more detached than desperate despite veteran stud Mr. Marcus's valiant attempts to liven her up. After a cum-shot that mostly misses her face (symbolic of their failed marriage?), Andriena finds out that Marcus has been fucking around with Nyomi. That news should keep you watching: Choco-puff Nyomi Banxx (credited here as Nyomi Knoxx) is one of the finest new dark honeys in the biz. Paired with virtuoso lady-impaler Byron Long, she nearly saves the flick with a roaring spirit and a filthy mouth. (Will the spectacle of black chicks hollering "Shiiiiit!" with dicks up their holes ever fail to please?) After Banxx's heat-up, the desperation evaporates. Kapri Styles and Ariel Alexus meet up for some lesbo love, Vivica Coxx bangs her physical trainer, and Shi Reeves and Mr. Marcus round out the episode with a tame tryst that's only watchable for the shy gal's genuinely pretty face. On the whole, this is more like *Bored Blackwives*, but you won't hear serious Afro-porn aficionados bitching. ***—Mark Johnson***

Love Hurts' *Shyla Stylez slaves under a hot mistress all day.*

Hurts *so good: Rita Faltoyano overcomes her limitations.*

Taboo: Love Hurts

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** LEE FORBES. **STARRING:** RITA FALTOYANO, TORY LANE, SHYLA STYLEZ, DRAGONLILY, BRITTANY MANSON, PENNY FLAME, SATIVA ROSE, ETHAN CAGE, MARCO BANDERAS, JAY LASSITER, VAN DAMAGE & JACK VENICE.

The ninth installment in the *Taboo* series is relatively tame, but delivers top-notch production values and some solid performances, particularly from submissive Rita Faltoyano and femme-dom DragonLily. The two standouts unfortunately don't get a scene together, but Rita's opener will please discipline devotees with its no-mercy paraphernalia, posture-training and careful attention to the intricacies of humiliation. The bosomy Hungarian's teary pleas to her master are not to be missed. That scene's strong suits are echoed later when Hawaiian temptress DragonLily admonishes Shyla Stylez for her haphazard cleaning habits. Both vignettes progress patiently into bouts of serious fanny-whipping. The high point is when DragonLily hitches a strap-on to Shyla's mug and adds a new twist to face-sitting. Throughout the flick, a veritable hardware store of tools comes into play—clamps, crops, spurs—but don't expect debauchery of DeSadean proportions. HUSTLER's *Taboo* series has entered a sophisticated phase, preferring to focus more on the hypnotic effect of slow-burn humiliation and erotic restraint. ***—M.J.***

WHO SAYS PORN AIN'T KOSHER?

Tight Fit Productions owner Oren Cohen was hit with divine inspiration when he snapped up the exotic fuck flick *Assraelis* for U.S. release. He'd bill it as the first porn film shot in Israel with an all-Israeli cast and stamp the cover with the well-known kosher symbol.

"When the producer showed me the film in Berlin, I was absolutely floored," recalls the half-Israeli Cohen. "It was one of the best adult films I'd seen in years. It had a beautiful, natural feeling to it, more like porn from the '70s—more sensual. The guy doesn't walk onto the set with a rock-hard dick, and the girl doesn't make gagging noises when she's blowing him. It's real sex."

Assraelis' *box cover before (above left) and after rabbinical intervention: The copyrighted KOF-K symbol was replaced with "Kosher!"*

But just before the flick's street date—after thousands of covers had already been printed—Cohen got a call from a riled rabbi in Teaneck, New Jersey. The Talmudist demanded the kosher symbol be removed.

Did the rabbi suspect the movie's titular ass may not have been 100%-Israeli produce? As it turns out, the familiar kosher symbol is a trademark registered to KOF-K Kosher Supervision, a Teaneck-based consortium of Orthodox

(continued on page 141)

Say "Shalom" to new Mideast peace plan Rony Pornstar.

Porny Monster's Pixie Pearl gets buzzed on Whisky.

***PM** popsicle Lystra tries a new designer drug.*

***Porny** gals Chapel Waste and Joanna Angel meet a member of the Hole in the Wall gang.*

Porny Monster

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JOANNA ANGEL. **STARRING:** JOANNA ANGEL, CHAPEL WASTE, PIXIE PEARL, JADE JOLIE, WHISKY, LYSTRA, TOMMY PISTOL, JAMES DEEN, ALEC KNIGHT & VINCE VEGAN.

As writer, director and star of *Porny Monster*, Joanna Angel has mastered the near-lost art of the XXX sex comedy. A parody homage to Club-Kids cult flick *Party Monster*, her latest has the alt-porn princess saddled with a pesky protégé who ends up outfucking her idol and becoming dangerously "addicted to dick." Making porn safe for hipsters *and* the people who mock them, Joanna's films are miles away, both literally and figuratively, from the typical Porn Valley fare. The stars are culled from Burning Angel's NYC-based talent pool of hip, tattooed nymphos—this flick features the debut outing of pink-haired Jade Jolie. The kids copulate in crowded nightclubs and dirty bathrooms, on dark rooftops and in trashed apartments. Joanna's films are fun because she doesn't take things too seriously, but she's dead serious about making cool porn. The bonus disc includes a 45-minute behind-the-scenes feature, plus "Let's Talk About (Ass) Sex" with Joanna, "When Pornstars Go Bad" with Chapel Waste and Lystra, and a rap video with DJ Tommy Pistol and a puppet. ***—K.W.***

*Cougar country: Old friends stick together in **MILFs**.*

MILFs Night Out

SINSATION/WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** DEE. **STARRING:** KRISTAL SUMMERS, DEMI DELIA, T.J. POWERS, KITTY LANGDON, BROOKE BANNER, NIKKI HUNTER, ALEX GONZ, JUSTICE YOUNG, BRAD HARDY, DEAN KANE & DANIEL.

This offering for wannabe motherfuckers comes with a maturity bonus: There's actually a storyline! *MILFs* is sort of like "Real Housewives of Orange County," but with a lot more intimacy. A gaggle of old college friends dubbed the "Virgin Marys" decide to reunite. But before they get together, we see how each one has managed to ward off the demons of creeping decrepitude: by getting banged on a daily basis. Strangely, the most enticing scene may be the steamy *L-Word*-esque tryst between T.J. Powers and her son's fuck-bunny, Brooke Banner. "That's my girl," murmurs the future mom-in-law; and Brooke's cunning lingual work is indeed praiseworthy. Meanwhile, Kristal Summers is making sure cable guy Brad Hardy knows where the outlet is. After suckling at the been-around babe's low-hanging fruit, he gets able with the cable and creams her wrinkly tummy. Of course, the big finale is the long-awaited reunion, with the cougars spreading their wisdom to some eager boy toys. A nice masturbation bonus with Nikki Hunter earns *MILFs* an extra star, but purists beware: There's no indication that all these characters are moms. On the other hand, if experienced fuckworthiness is what *mom* really means to you, welcome home. ***—M.J.***

T.J. Powers and Brooke Banner explore the generation gaps in **MILFs Night Out**.

20-Year-Old's Faith Leon, Riley Shy and Marcos Leon play tongue twister.

MILF Demi Delia stays forever young.

20-something Taryn Thomas picks an ideal career path.

Virgin's Will Powers pops tart Riley Shy.

The 20-Year-Old Virgin

SINSATION/WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** DEE. **STARRING:** RILEY SHY, BROOKE BANNER, FAITH LEON, LINDSEY MEADOWS, TARYN THOMAS, NANI, CHLOE MORGAN, VAN DAMAGE, MARCOS LEON, WILL POWERS & BRAD HARDY.

You know how I know you're gay? If you didn't get off on *The 20-Year-Old Virgin*. Cute redhead Riley Shy stars as the titular unpopped cherry in this XXX spoof of the Steve Carell comedy. With a few winking nods to the original source material, Brooke Banner and Van Damage try to get their buddy Riley laid. But first things first. Brooke takes a hot shower with the yummy Lindsey Meadows, and Van has a scorching threeway with Chloe Morgan and anal fiend Taryn Thomas. Not to be outdone, Riley fantasizes about a threeway with Faith and Marcos Leon. Riley and Faith together is a dream-come-true for viewers too. Marcos should win a medal for lasting as long as he did. But Riley's not done. She performs even better one-on-one, when she can totally concentrate on getting the guy off. Riley's even sexy during all the banter between scenes. Our advice? Either check out *The 20-Year-Old Virgin* or go macramé yourself a pair of jean shorts. ***—K.W.***

Brunettes Eat More Cum: *"Glovely" Carmella Bing binges, and so does Alexis Silver (below).*

Cumming of Age *girl Adriana Faust meets the long dick of the law.*

"Want a protein boost with that?" Alexis Silver bolsters the ***Brunettes Eat More Cum*** *brigade.*

Leah Luv kisses innocence goodbye.

Brunettes Eat More Cum

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** THOMAS ZUPKO. **STARRING:** CARMELLA BING, ALEXIS SILVER, CRISTINA AGAVE, SATIVA ROSE, CHRISTIE LEE, JAY STONE, BRIAN SUREWOOD, TRENT SOLURI, MARCO BANDERAS & RICHARD KLINE.

For most of its three-hour running time, Thomas Zupko's *Brunettes Eat More Cum* could just as easily be the next installment in the director's award-winning anal series, *Big Wet Asses*. Ninety-five percent of the movie is greased bods, salad tossing and raunchy ass sex. The only real difference comes at the pop-shot, when the guys spill their seed into wine glasses that the ladies then swirl on their palates like vintage champagne. Brunettes the world over could-n't ask for better representation than these hotties. Cristina Agave is sex on legs, and she likes it *rough*. "Pound that shit!" she demands. "Fuck me like a million dollars is gonna come out that ass! ... I could fuck bet-ter than that, and I ain't got a fucking dick!" Meanwhile, Carmella Bing, Alexis Silver and Sativa Rose are a big-tit lover's trifecta. The DVD comes with a free four-hour bonus disc, *Blondes Eat More Cum*, so you can see for yourself who's got the bigger gulp. ***—K.W.***

Barely Legal: Cumming of Age

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** ALEXA VON TESS, CHLOE MORGAN, LEAH LUV, ADRIANA FAUST, LACEY LOVE, STEVEN FRENCH, JAY LASSITER, CHRIS CHARMING & JACK LAWRENCE.

Acclaimed international director Axel Braun takes on the popular *Barely Legal* franchise with *Barely Legal: Cumming of Age*. While there's no hint of Braun's specialty in female ejaculation, there are other signature Braun touches—like having go-to guy Steven French come on Alexa von Tess's feet. But the casting director deserves the most kudos. With young hotties like Leah Luv, Chloe Morgan and Adriana Faust on hand, all Braun really has to do is sit back and capture them doing what they do best. Most of these ex-Lolitas are superpetite, with perky, little titties. The one notable exception is sexy schoolgirl Adriana Faust. The luscious Latina packs all-natural 34Cs that swirl hypnotically when she's being fucked. Leah Luv still has her braces, but that doesn't stop her from sucking a mean dick. Chris Charming's tool is almost as big as she is, but Leah somehow takes every inch as she grinds away. Axel Braun may be great, but these young ladies don't need much coaching to fuck like pros. ***—K.W.***

WHO SAYS PORN AIN'T KOSHER?

(continued from page 137) officials with global reach that makes sure the food of the Chosen People is strictly kosher. Who knew?

"Much to my dismay, I guess you can copyright a letter of the alphabet," Cohen says. "I'm not here to piss off the Jewish community, so I said we'll fix it."

Nevertheless, KOF-K wasn't taking any chances: A follow-up letter threatened legal action if the symbol wasn't removed. Honoring his word, Cohen complied.

"They discovered this even before we released the movie," Cohen points out. "The rabbis are watching me, but who's watching the rabbis?"

The KOF-K flap notwithstanding, Cohen says that the Jewish community has embraced *Assraelis* and that sales are booming. With the buzz fanned by Hebrew Web sites, hip Jewish clothing companies and retailers are clamoring for a tie-in to *Assraelis*' guilty pleasures.

Most of the movie's sex takes place outdoors, apparently appealing to Judaic pride in the Promised Land. The high point comes when Rony Pornstar and a co-star copulate on a rocky cliff overlooking a beach. In the background, an actual armed battalion of the Israeli army happens to pass by and stops to cheer on the lovers.

Assraeli *Shelly Mimon shows off the Promised Land.*

In the homeland, *Assraelis* is begetting a host of progeny. "It's a growing industry," Cohen says. "Until now the product was underground and second-rate." According to Cohen, the young Tel Aviv-based director, Ilay Kimchi, had to be both talent scout and coach. "The country has no professional adult-talent pool, so there's never been anything of this caliber to come out of Israel before."

Cohen now has follow-up releases in the Tight Fit pipeline, and he doesn't mind if a little controversy fans the flames of publicity. "I don't want to be everybody's friend. I want to cause people to have opinions. But in no way is there any malice involved or any attempt to denigrate anyone. Humor is an important aspect of Jewish culture. If anything, a real Jew should be able to differentiate between malice and satire."

For more information and to view the trailer, check out Assraelis.com. *—Mark Johnson*

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BIG SAUSAGE PIZZA

This take on the sausage-in-the-box caper is an XL disappointment. Yummy girls, all VERY surprised to find the weenie in the pie, but still not worth the price of a Hot Pocket.

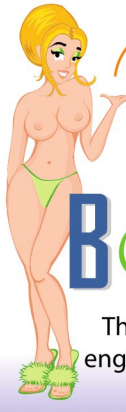
REALITY WIFE

The wife in question is Kari, a gorgeous, vivacious blonde who fucks, sucks and squirts with élan, giving a whole new meaning to Leave it to Beaver... In 75 all original videos, Kari and her husband Chris keep it interesting with creative storylines and cute outfits. Great quality stills and a new video monthly seal the deal. Says Rodney: "Honey - we're home!"

NEIGHBOR AFFAIR

This site's great direction and Desperate Housewives-style plots make it easy to keep it up with the Jones'. On offer - 26 high quality, rod-stiffening movies, with one added per week. Our fave? Perrenial hottie Vicki Vette offering gardening tips to a naughty neighbor, which leads to much tilling of soil and hoeing of rows... Eat your heart out, Wisteria Lane.

Go to SirRodney.com for more



Where does Sir Rodney find fresh porn? Why, at Booble.com, of course!

Booble®

The official xxx search engine of SirRodney.com

PINK ALL OVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

I can't believe I'm actually in HUSTLER!" Jessica exclaims in an unmistakable British accent. "Usually I'm a very private person, and I would never do anything this crazy, but I needed to get back at an old boyfriend." Hey, baby, we love a good revenge story.

"I dated this guy for like four years," the newcomer relates, "and he was mean. He used to say, 'You're not that hot, and you're lucky to have me 'cause nobody would want you.' The bloke told me I looked bad naked, and I knew I didn't. So this is my way of getting back at him by posing in a magazine I know he (and all his mates) will see."

We can only assume Jessica is single. "That I am," she squeals, "and I'm on the prowl. But guys be forewarned: I'm also into girls too, so if we hook up, you have to be willing to sometimes just watch. Then if it works out, you'll be able to join in. Whomever I date, they need to share."

JESSICA

During the proverbial in-out, does juicy Jessica have a favorite position? “Oh, yeah,” she confesses. “All of them! When I’m shagging, I love doggy and being on top. I’m not picky as long as a guy knows what he’s doing and can hold out for more than 60 seconds. My last boyfriend had a real problem with that.”

Even with clothes on, Jessica is as outgoing as they come. “I work the door at some cool clubs in London,” she chirps. “You know, checking people off the guest list. You get to see bands, meet hip people (guys and girls), get free drinks and just be around some great energy.”

Will Jessica be hanging around for future nude photo-spreads? “Doing this one was so liberating, I think I could do another,” she informs us. “I really had a good time, and the money was great. All that cash for just taking off my clothes? Brilliant! I’ll do it again. That is, if readers are up for it.” Whaddaya think, guys?

JESSICA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: London, England
AGE: 24
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-5
WEIGHT: 115
MEASUREMENTS: "Not sure, but I wish my boobies were bigger!"

COMING NEXT MONTH

HUSTLER LOOKS AT BEAUTY

PART I: THE 20 MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD

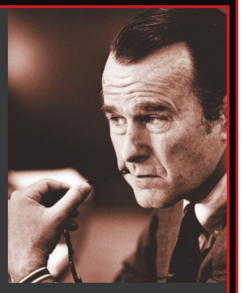
Finally, some positive news on global warming: A bevy of hotties is setting the world on fire! From Jenna Jameson to Angelina Jolie to Jordan's Queen Rania, we present the 20 most ravishing creatures on the seven continents. For these elegant, talented, intelligent and powerful ladies, beauty is more than skin deep. Editorial Assistant Tyler Downey kicks off a provocative new series.

PART II: SENSUAL PREGNANCY

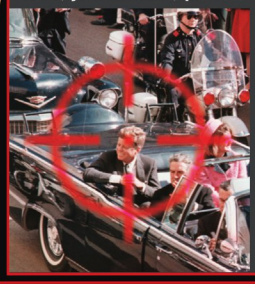
Porn star Tiffany Mynx proves that women can still be sexy while they're expecting. TABOO Magazine staffer Matthew Brand profiles the uninhibited mother-to-be, with photos by Vic Alpine.

THE BUSH CRIME FAMILY'S SHADY PAST

SUSPICIOUS SUICIDES, ACCIDENTS & THE BUSHES



Coincidence or conspiracy? Washington, D.C.-based investigative reporter Wayne Madsen examines the mysterious deaths of over two dozen high-level CIA operatives, journalists, politicians and others who opposed the current Bush Administration or knew too much about the Bush dynasty's secrets.



POPPY BUSH'S BLACK OPS

Jim Ward, the "Voice Deity" on talk radio's nationally syndicated *The Stephanie Miller Show*, untangles the fascinating web of intrigue linking George H.W. Bush to numerous CIA covert actions, including the botched invasion of Cuba and the JFK assassination.

ANTI-WAR COMEDY TOUR

A new group of comedians is mad as hell about the war in Iraq, and they're not going to take it anymore. Using humor to drive their point home, these six stand-up comics—in the grand tradition of Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, George Carlin, Bill Maher and Jon Stewart—will make you laugh *and* think. Enjoy their barrage of jokes ripping Bush, the war and right-wingers as Features Editor Ed Rampell reports from comedy's front lines.

GIRLS OF MYSPACE: SAMANTHA BUXTON

Sultry British glamour model Samantha Buxton is heading this way for her American nude debut. Catch the curvy 22-year-old finally letting it all hang out.

THE EROTIC ART OF ARIOCK

Enter a vibrant, mysterious world of dreams and nightmares as we showcase the erotic fantasies of one of today's most sensational pinup artists. Six ultra-explicit masterpieces by French illustrator Ariock go far beyond what the laws of nature and man would otherwise allow.

GEORGIA

The August '07 HUSTLER goes on sale May 29, 2007. Visit our Web site at HustlerWorld.com.